

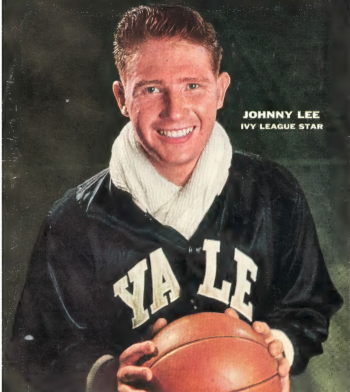
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 21, 1951

a Time Inc. weekly publication

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JOHNNY LEE
IVY LEAGUE STAR



Your vote is in and these five win!

THE NEWEST NEW CARS IN 20 YEARS



In left foreground, Plymouth; right, Dodge; center, De Soto; rear left, Imperial; and rear right, Chrysler. With a total of 91 models to meet all price ranges—with over 400 color combinations to choose from, there's a Chrysler Corporation car that's right for you!

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COVER: JEREMY LEE
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

The Ivy League's first solid All-America prospect since Ernie Rock in 1952 is shown here after a fast workout in Yale's Payne Whitney Gymnasium. Only a junior, Lee holds the League's all-time single-season scoring record. For more on this freckled redhead who is also an honor student, see page 44.

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A unique wildlife laboratory, says JOHN O'REILLY, may show how to prevent future dust bowls

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MEXICO: 18 PAGES OF EXCITEMENT

A yachtman's guide: San Diego to Acapulco, by ERN BOWEN; new beach fashions in color (left); Horace Sustain footloose in Mexico City; and Rafael Belgado Lozano on the bullfight

BIG BRUINS AND LITTLE ST. PAUL'S

Herbert Warren Wind presents the surprise team of big league hockey, and Richard MEEK photographs the preppers



The glass in glass



Action speaks louder than words and the lively, live action of H-I Power Glass rods speaks for itself... tells you with your first cast that these rods are truly the Glass in Glass. See super action, super service Power Glass rods — and the complete line of better buy H-I fishing tackle — at your dealer's.

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This fine, lightweight masterpiece will bring you new salt-water fishing thrills. H-I's exclusive, precisely controlled Power Glass manufacturing process results in more power in the butt, greater flexion in the center and a sensitive, flexible tip for super action. Two models: No. 3415, wgt. 5 1/2 lbs., length 5 1/2', \$19.50 and No. 3416, wgt. 5 1/2 lbs., length 6 1/2', \$19.50.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

FROM 8 to 10 p.m. this Friday evening, January 18, the National Broadcasting Company will present on its nationwide radio network the first in a new series of programs — SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-MONITOR. Drawing from material in current issues of this magazine, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-MONITOR will be heard, following its premiere, at the same time on every fourth Friday.

For NBC the program inaugurates a weekly enlargement of the entire Monitor weekend service, which approximately 260 radio stations have carried during the hours between 8 a.m. Saturday and midnight Sunday for more than a year and a half. For readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and listeners to NBC the program adds the dimension of sound to the story of sport as told in these pages.

From the first the idea for the program seemed a happy marriage, combining as it does the worldwide reportorial facilities of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED with the worldwide radio facilities of NBC. The program format, like that of Monitor itself, will be flexible, always allowing microphones to move to places or people involved in unexpected or fast-breaking news of sport.

Among the many features already scheduled for the first two-hour broadcast is a group of interviews by Jimmy Jemal, who demonstrates how he gets answers to the questions he asks in Hotbox. Sidlights to stories in this week's issue will be contributed by a conversation with Dr. Clarence Cottam, director of the Rob and Bessie Welder Wildlife Foundation, which is the setting for John O'Reilly's inquiry into the conservation problem in Texas, and by a commentary from Gerald Holland on his experiences as he

accompanied Ron Delany on the Olympic hero's triumphant return to Ireland. There will also be a visit with two North Carolina State College students as they seek in their own special way for some pirate gold where Blackbeard may have left it, a spot reported in last week's article on treasure hunting.



VAN VOORHIS

While an innovation in sports broadcasting, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-MONITOR will, however, strike one familiar and perhaps nostalgic chord for many listeners. It will have, as co-narrator with Monitor sportscaster Don Russell, Westbrook Van Voorhis, whose vivid and much-imitated voice ("TIME... marches on!") will lend an added note of drama to this newest venture in reporting sport's dramatic story.

Harry Reilly

Marlboro

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Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.
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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Questions:

If the Caribbean area had its own team in one of the major leagues, would the team be in contention for the pennant? (Asked in Cuba and the Dominican Republic)



MARCOS A. GÓMEZ JR.

*Mayor, Ciudad Trujillo,
Dominican Republic*



Certainly. We're developing enough stars to field two teams, one for the first division of each major league. Enough players would be left to play in a minor league. The Dominican Republic would win a major league pennant if we had the honor of representing our area.

ANTONIO LEYBA

*Second Secretary,
Dominican Embassy*



It's possible right now. We can support major league baseball. Our ball parks are packed and we've just started playing pro baseball. Many great players from Latin American countries have gone into the big leagues. Every day plays baseball, and a new crop comes up every year.

ROBERTO MADURO

*President,
Cuban Sugar Kings
Havana*



Yes. My lineup would be Sam Nake, c; Vic Peñón (Power), 1b; Bobby Avila, 2b; Hector López, 3b; Chico Carrasquel, ss; Mistle Mison, lf; Jon Elvira, cf; Sandy Amoron, rf; pitchers, Ruben Gomez, Ramon Menéndez, Pedro Ramos, Sandy Consuegra, Mike Forness, José Santiago.

DR. LUIS J. BOTIFOLL

*President,
Unión Radio
Havana*



At the present, no. Most of those who play in winter leagues are under contract to others. It would take time. Take our own Cuban Sugar Kings. Their first year in the International League was difficult. Now they are improved. In time we could compete in the majors.

FRANCIS L. MCCARTHY

*United Press
Havana Messenger
Havana*



Latinos are smart players. They'd finish no better than third only because of physical handicaps. They just don't have the build or physical stamina for a rigorous schedule of 154 games. Twice, the Cuban Sugar Kings lacked the bone, meat and muscle for the stretch.

MILTON GUSE

*Editor,
Havana Post*



This team, with Havana as the home base, would be a natural for the big leagues. As a drawing card they'd be terrific. By pooling their talent and buying a few key players, they'd be a contender in either league. This all-star Caribbean team might change the entire balance in the majors.

DR. RAFAEL GUAS INCLAN

*Vice-President
of Cuba*



In Cuba baseball is so thoroughly impregnated into our lives that you cannot go to the most rural area without seeing boys and even girls playing baseball. If it would be possible for us to assemble our stars in the major leagues into one team, we would be hard to beat.

BURKE HEDGES

*Textile manufacturer
Havana*



We'd definitely be a threat in any pennant year. Our climatic conditions enable us to play all year. Contrary to popular opinion, Cubans are big men. I know. I employ thousands of them. Sugar may be our most stable export, but our most famous export to the U.S. is baseball players.

NEXT WEEK:

*How much weight can
a race horse carry without
breaking down?*

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



CHUCK BLAKESLEE, publisher of *The Skin Diver*, heads for the deep in Jantzen's Tartan Zip-fit swim trunks. Fabric is fine, imported, clean-tartan Cotton Pique with elasticized back inserts, built-in supporter. 28-40, \$5.95. At leading stores.

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moose ... for
business,
campus, and
on the town!
About \$60.

University
Town

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COMING EVENTS

Jan. 16 through Jan. 27

● TV ● COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO
ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHER-
WISE NOTED

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Columbia vs. Cornell, New York.
Holy Cross vs. Colgate, Worcester, Mass.
Oregon vs. Idaho, Eugene, Ore.
Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, N.J.
Stanford vs. Teague, South Orange, N.J.
Stanford vs. Washington, Stanford, Calif.
Utah State vs. Brigham Young, Logan, Utah.
(Professional)
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia; Boston vs. St. Louis, Boston.

Boxing

● Tiger Jones vs. Hardy Snodgrass, middleweights (11 rds.), Cleveland, 12 p.m. (ABC).

Horse Racing

The Jockey, \$20,000, 3-yr.-old furies, 6 f., Hollywood, Fla.

Ice Skating

20th Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships, New York (through Jan. 23).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19

Basketball

2nd Annual Major League Old-Timers' Game, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Alabama vs. Auburn, Montgomery, Ala.
Army vs. Pittsburgh, West Point, N.Y.
Carnegie vs. Niagara, Buffalo.
Dayton vs. Eastern Kentucky, Dayton.
Iowa State vs. Oklahoma, Ames, Iowa.
Maryland vs. R.E. State, College Park, Md.
Mississippi State vs. Mississippi, State College, Miss.
Missouri vs. Nebraska, Columbia, Mo.
Montana vs. Utah, Missoula, Mont.
● Northwestern vs. Minnesota, Evanston, Ill. (Midwest Regional TV).
Oregon vs. Idaho, Eugene, Ore.
Penn vs. Dartmouth, Philadelphia.
Princeton vs. Cornell, Princeton, N.J.
Rice vs. Baylor, Houston.
St. Joseph's (Pa.) vs. Villanova, Philadelphia.
St. Louis vs. Houston, St. Louis.
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.
Texas Christian vs. Oklahoma City, Fort Worth.
Vanderbilt vs. Georgia Tech, Nashville.
Wisconsin vs. Iowa, Madison, Wis.
(Professional)
New York vs. Fort Wayne, Ind. Sq. Garden, New York.
● Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester.
● Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Syracuse, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).

Best Show

National Motor Boat Show, New York (through Jan. 27).

Boxing

● Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS).
Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Catalina Handicap, \$25,000, 4-yr.-olds & up (Calif. foals), 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.
Santa Monica Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (Illian & mare), 7 f., Santa Anita, Calif.
● The Kentucky, \$75,000, 3-yr.-old colts & geldings, 6 f., Walden, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).

Track & Field

Massachusetts K of C Meet, Boston (12:00 T-bone entered in 2-mile event).

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20

Auto Racing

National Stock Car Championship, Phoenix, Ariz.

Basketball

(Professional)
Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis.
St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis.
Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse.

Hockey

Quebec vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.
Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.

MONDAY, JANUARY 21

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Drexel vs. Tulsa, Floria, Ill.
Georgia vs. Florida State, Athens, Ga.
Minnesota vs. Marquette, Minneapolis.
Northwestern vs. Iowa, Evanston, Ill.
Wisconsin vs. Ohio State, Madison, Wis.
(Professional)
St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, Miami.

Boxing

● Jerry London vs. Angelo DeFendis, light heavyweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 12:30 p.m. (DuMont-TV; Mutual-race).

Tennis

Hollywood Beach Invitational, Hollywood Beach, Fla. (through Jan. 27).

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Auburn vs. Georgia Tech, Auburn, Ala.
Idaho vs. Washington State, Moscow, Idaho.
(Professional)
New York vs. Syracuse, Ind. Sq. Garden, New York.

Boxing

6-Day Bicycle Race, Cleveland (through Jan. 27).

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23

Basketball

(Professional)
New York vs. Philadelphia; Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston.
Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Louisville.
St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, Charlotte, N.C.

Boxing

● Solby Rogers vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights (18 rds.), Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Golf

25th Annual Doherty Women's Amateur, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (through Jan. 27).

Hockey

Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Palm Beach Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 7 f., Hollywood, Fla.
San Vicente Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds, 7 f., Santa Anita, Calif.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24

Basketball

(Professional)
Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, Philadelphia.
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse.

Golf

Thunderbird Invitational, \$15,000, Palm Springs, Calif. (through Jan. 27).

Hockey

Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

Boxing

National Racquet Doubles Championship, Philadelphia.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Brigham Young vs. Utah State, Provo, Utah.
Dartmouth vs. Boston, Hammet, N.H.

Stanford vs. California, Stanford, Calif.
 Utah vs. Oklahoma City, Salt Lake City.
 Washington vs. Oregon State, Seattle.
 Washington State vs. Oregon, Pullman, Wash.

Boxing

● **Edler** Mitchen vs. **Jerry Blazin**, heavyweights (10 o'clock), Miami Beach, 10 p.m. (WABC).

Golf

Lake North Women's Open, \$3,000, Lake North, Fla. (through Jan. 27).
 PGA Seniors' Championship, Dunedin, Fla. (through Jan. 27).

Track & Field

Philadelphia Inquirer Meet, Philadelphia (Lizall Tibbitts entered in one-mile event).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26

Boxing

(Professional)

● **Fort Wayne** vs. **Philadelphia**, **Fort Wayne**, Ind., 7:30 p.m. (WABC).
 New York vs. **Minneapolis**, **Mid. Sq. Garden**, N.Y.
 Rochester vs. **Syracuse**, **Rochester**.

Hockey

● **Boston** vs. **New York**, **Boston**, 7 p.m. (CBS).
 Montreal vs. **Chicago**, **Montreal**.
 Toronto vs. **Detroit**, **Toronto**.

Horse Racing

Peleeen Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 6 f., Fair Grounds, New Orleans.
 ● **Royal Palm Handicap**, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).
 San Carlos Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.
 Santa Anita Maternity, \$100,000, 4-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.

Ice Skating

National Speed Skating Championships (outdoor), St. Paul, Minn. (through Jan. 27).

Sliding

Sugar Bowl Downhill & Slalom Championships, Nordin, Calif. (through Jan. 27).
 Victor Candace Memorial downhill & slalom, Snow, Vt. (through Jan. 27).

Track & Field

Washington Evening Star Meet, Washington, D.C. (Lizall Tibbitts entered in 7-mile event).

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27

Boxing

(Professional)

● **Fort Wayne** vs. **New York**, **Fort Wayne**, Philadelphia vs. **Boston**, **Philadelphia**.
 St. Louis vs. **Rochester**, St. Louis.
 Syracuse vs. **Minneapolis**, **Syracuse**.

Boxing

Outboard Regatta, Lake Alfred, Fla.

* See local listings.

HUNGARIAN OLYMPIANS' ATHLETIC TOUR

Saturday, January 19

Hungarian Olympic fencers vs. **Boston area college team**; Hungarian Olympic gymnasts in exhibition, **Boston** (through Jan. 20).

Sunday, January 21

Hungarian Olympic fencers vs. **U.S. Olympians**; Hungarian Olympic gymnasts in exhibition, **New York** (through Jan. 22).
 Hungarian Olympic swimmers vs. **Springfield College**; Hungarian Olympic water poloists vs. **Springfield College**, **Springfield, Mass.**

Thursday, January 24

Hungarian Olympic fencers and gymnasts in exhibition, **Montreal, N.Y.**

Friday, January 25

Hungarian Olympic swimmers vs. **New York Athletic Club**; Hungarian Olympic water poloists vs. **New York Athletic Club**, **New York**.

Sunday, January 27

Hungarian Olympic fencers vs. **Cleveland Fencing Club**; Hungarian Olympic gymnasts in exhibition, **Cleveland** (through Jan. 28).



Who's the man in the General Electric suntan?



Important looking somebody, isn't he. Gives you the feeling you ought to know him.

Couldn't all be due to his General Electric Sunlamp, of course. But that bronzed, outdoor look—winter as well as summer—seems to go with the guys who are important one way or another.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

AN OASIS OF HOPE IN THE TEXAS DROUGHT

by JOHN O'REILLY

While the President tours the blighted Southwest, a unique wildlife laboratory is working to prevent future dust bowls

THE GREATEST drought in the nation's history continued last week to blight the lives of people throughout a vast region in the central and southwestern part of the U.S., bringing withered crops, emaciated cattle, dead or dying trees, waterless streams and the decimation of wildlife. For the rest of the country the proportions of the tragedy have just been emphasized by President Eisenhower's personal inspection of the disaster area.

The President's trip was for the purpose of determining what can be done, beyond the various government programs now in effect, to help drought sufferers over the crisis. But, even if the rains come soon, recovery of the worst-hit sections will take many years, for even 200-year-old live oaks and tough mesquite trees are dead, the ground cover is gone, and thousands of wild animals have perished. The answers to the long-range problem of bringing back and maintaining a healthy, productive environment—for both people and animals—may well lie in research work already started in south Texas by Dr. Clarence Cottam, the director of a new and unique institution called the Rob and Beale Welder Wildlife Foundation.

Owners of drought-stricken ranches and conservationists the country over are looking to this undertaking with hope. The foundation is national in scope and designed to prove that under wise use of the land a healthy ecology will result in abundant wildlife and better plant cover, yet at the same time provide long-term economic returns as great as, or greater than, those derived through overgrazing and bad farming practices.

Dr. Cottam, former assistant director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, already has proved through experiments in Utah that grazing on a grass-percentage basis results in the production of more cattle. There Dr. Cottam established that when only 60% of the grass is grazed off a healthier and more productive grass cover results. Maintaining this heavier ground cover also cushions the effect of droughts.

At present the government owns huge areas in the Dust Bowl on which the grass has been permitted to return. The effect of this, it is agreed, has been to lessen the intensity of dust storms. Dr. Cottam and his research scientists are attacking the problem on a much broader front. They are

setting out to prove that healthy woods, waters and wildlife go hand in hand with healthy economic returns.

Although the work of the foundation cannot mitigate the present drought crisis, landowners in Texas and other stricken areas are fortunate to have such an institution as a focal point for learning the lessons of how best to prepare for droughts of the future. Conservationists agree that in few places has overgrazing and poor land use brought deterioration more rapidly than in Texas.

The foundation starts its program at a time when 90% of the state has been declared a disaster area, when drinking water is being bought at prices higher than oil and when 60,000 families have moved from their wrecked farms and ranches to the cities. The institution is the creation of a Texan who saw the need for a wiser treatment of the land.

Rob H. Welder, south Texas cattle baron and oilman, drew up a will that proved to be an unusual document for Texas or, for that matter, any other state. Subsequent to Mr. Welder's death on New Year's Eve of 1953, it was found that his will established a foundation such as America had never had before, an institution designed to have an ultimate impact on conservation practices not just in Texas but in the nation as a whole.

In the basic provisions of his will Welder set aside 7,799.24 acres of land, 32 miles northwest of Corpus Christi, to be used for research in how best to foster wildlife on farms and ranches. Although a large area, the gift of the land was not unique. The legacy became more impressive when it was found to be coupled with oil wells and cattle producing an annual income of more than half a million dollars, all of which is to be used in the furtherance of the purposes of the foundation.

Even this gives but a faint idea of the great scope of the bequest. In his will the Texas cattlemen expressed his thoughts in establishing the trust as follows:

"It is my desire and my purpose to further the education of the people of Texas and elsewhere in wildlife conservation,

continued on page 10

WATERLESS CATCH BASIN, recently built in Karnes County, is gleefully surveyed by a local rancher. If rain ever should come, the basin would be a 50-acre lake.



TEXAS OASIS

continued from page 8

In the knowledge of the breeding and living habits of our wild creatures and in the relationship of wildlife to domesticated livestock on our ranches and farms; to afford students and others interested in wildlife betterment and propagation and in the raising of wildlife along with domesticated animals a place for research and an opportunity for the study thereof; and to develop scientifically methods of increasing the wildlife population of the state and nation for the benefit of future generations. . . who may not have the opportunity to know and appreciate our wildlife, as I have, unless methods of increasing and conserving our wildlife are scientifically developed. For these purposes I here create a foundation to be known as the 'Rob and Bessie Welder Wildlife Foundation.' "

Even those who were closest to Rob Welder did not know just how or when the idea to establish such a foundation crystallized in his mind. He was a typical successful cattleman whose personal fortune had been increased by the finding of oil and gas on his ranch. He was interested in hunting but only to a modest extent. He was fond of quail shooting but didn't like to hunt deer. In later years his greatest enjoyment seemed to come from taking groups of his friends into the open spaces of his 66,000-acre ranch.

This ranch, originally a Spanish grant, has been owned by the Welder family for more than 100 years. Mister Rob, as he was known to his friends, had lived his entire life in south Texas and had seen drastic changes come to that wild, coastal area. He had watched the spread of intensified agriculture until cotton and other row crops reached to infinity with hardly a tree or bush to break the monotonous expanse.

He had seen the extended droughts and the overstocking of grazing lands bring wildlife scarcity. With the development of oil he had seen the silvery towers of refineries rise out of the flat landscape; had seen the night sky sparkle with the lights of new industrial plants; had watched the little towns grow into cities. And as more people sought outdoor recreation he had seen the land become more bleak and barren.

Rob Welder treated his own land well. It is in better shape now than most nearby ranches. But even his closest friends were surprised to learn that he had devoted a large portion of his ranch and his money to help stop

the downward trend on a national scale. When his decision was made he did the job thoroughly.

To make his foundation national in scope he stipulated that all the money did not have to be spent on the property or even within the state of Texas. Scholarships may be established or research financed at any university in the country. He also specified that the purposes were "to perform and foster study and scientific research related to wildlife propagation, growth and development both associated with and dissociated from the raising of livestock and domestic animals."

Not is research to be confined to game species. When he said "wildlife" he meant all parts of the picture. To see that his wishes were carried out he named three trustees: John J. Welder and Patrick Welder, his nephews, and M. Harrey Weil, attorney and family friend. They, in turn, selected as director of the new foundation one Dr. Clarence Cottam. In the opinion of wildlife experts over the country they couldn't have picked a better man.

Dr. Cottam is experienced both in

July 1955. A few months earlier Caleb Glasener had resigned as head of the Wildlife Restoration Division of the Texas Game and Fish Commission to become assistant director.

There was a host of things to be done before the new enterprise could even begin to take shape. When I arrived to visit the foundation, Dr. Cottam was a picture of jubilation tinged with caution. He had been given the means to implement his dreams as a conservationist, yet his training warned him to go slow. Wildlife conservation, a most controversial subject, had been his major life interest. He had long been outspoken on his theories. Now he had to prove them.

Local Texans had given him a ranch-type Stetson. That was a good sign because Texans signify their approval of a man by giving him a hat. Besides this badge of good will he wore a tan jacket, tan work pants and a pair of boots—not cowboy boots but broad-topped woods boots with thick tops to resist rattlesnakes.

Dr. Cottam, always enthusiastic, talked a blue streak as he headed his



CREATORS OF THE FOUNDATION, Rob H. Welder and his wife Bessie, were lifelong Texas residents. He left land and income to cause of wildlife and conservation research.

wildlife management and as an executive. He was on the staff of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service for 26 years. His hearty friendliness and outspoken devotion to the cause of conservation have brought him the love and respect of other workers in the field. They were all glad when Dr. Cottam got the job.

But he had already decided to leave the Fish and Wildlife Service to become Dean of the College of Biology and Agriculture at Brigham Young University. The Texans agreed to wait, and after a year at the university he reported for duty in south Texas in

car out to the property. Eight miles from Sinton we turned off the highway, stopped and opened the big gate leading into the Welder land. There is something satisfying about opening a western ranch gate. It means an unburied break in the journey, a small but pleasant ritual, and you often see things you might not have noticed without stopping.

This time it was the escrowtail, that bizarre member of the flycatcher family sometimes called the Texas bird of paradise. More than a dozen of them sailed in against the wind to perch on

the top wire of the fence. They were in migration, and later we were to see flocks of 20 to 40.

Closing the gate, we began what proved to be a three-day exploration of this stretch of flat, sometimes gently rolling country destined to become an outdoor wildlife laboratory. Seven miles long and up to two and a half miles wide, it is bordered on the north by the twisting Aransas River, made salty by the tidal waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The southern boundary is marked by a beautiful fence, a four-strand, barbed wire structure with identical crossed posts standing in an undulating line seven miles long.

Dr. Cottam said they would replace the two lower strands with barbed wire to protect the deer from injury. Bucks usually leap the fence, but does scramble through, sometimes cutting themselves on the barbs.

Between this fence and the river the country was varied, despite the lack of anything suggesting a mountain. There were wide areas dotted with mesquite and huisache, open, grassy prairies, knolls covered with groves of gnarled live oak trees, shallow depressions which are flooded in times of rain and dense thickets covering the bottom land along the river.

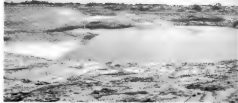
A HEALTHY LOOK

"It has the most varied habitat of any area near here," Dr. Cottam said.

It was evident that Rob Weider had not overgrazed this land. The Hereford steers which turned solemn white faces toward us as we drove by were in good flesh, and there was grass despite the drought. It was far from the picture that optimists in the region paint of a country of many springs with grass as high as a wagon wheel, but it had a healthier look than most ranchland in south Texas.

"It looks pretty good to me," Dr. Cottam said. "I was born and raised in southeastern Utah, where the cemeteries were about the only places that were not overgrazed."

Occasionally we came upon one of the 27 oil wells which have the unusual role of providing money for wildlife and conservation research. This is an old field, and the derricks have long since been removed. The only indication of the riches flowing from the earth are odd arrangements of pipes and valves called Christmas trees. These are painted aluminum, and around each one is a rectangular fence, also painted aluminum. Everything was neat and tidy; the sludge pits had been covered and the scars of digging



FIRST WATER is one of nine catch basins built by foundation corps after recent brief shower. New water hole attracted all kinds of wildlife from deer to a red-tailed hawk.

had been eradicated. At one kissing well Dr. Cottam said, "That's the cash register for our project."

Climbing a knoll, Dr. Cottam stopped the car in a parklike opening in a grove of live oaks. It is here that workers are about to start construction on the \$450,000 headquarters of the foundation, a place foundation officials hope will become the mecca of all those interested in saving Texas woods, waters and wildlife.

Standing in the opening the director described the buildings for which the plans have been completed. A main building, 300 feet long, with a central tower, will contain laboratories, a library, an auditorium and lecture hall, a herbarium and a museum. It will contain offices and a 30-by-40-foot lounge which will be a memorial to Rob Weider.

Besides the main building, a dormitory for scientists and those working on scholarships will include eight rooms, four of them light housekeeping apartments for researchers who bring their wives. Nearby will be a pavilion where conservation organizations, Boy Scouts and other groups will hold meetings. At the edge of the grove will be the residence of the director and assistant director. All buildings will be in modified Spanish style. A large maintenance building has already been built.

Having been a government employee for so many years, Dr. Cottam is accustomed to operating with a sharp eye to the finances. The men with whom he is dealing on this project are used to figuring on the scale of Texas oilmen. There have been some clashes. They wanted to build Dr. Cottam a \$50,000 home, but he balked. Finally they

talked him into accepting a \$35,000 dwelling. He gave in after admitting that was about what he had put into his home in Washington.

When the trustees decided that the mesoecial lounge should be a room 30 by 40 feet Dr. Cottam remonstrated that it would take a lot of money just to furnish a room that size.

"Why, it wouldn't cost more than about \$10,000 to furnish it," they told him.

We had just left the headquarters site when we came upon a flock of some two dozen wild turkeys. A few moments later 15 deer were bounding away through the brush. As we drove about it became common to see 20 to 30-odd deer in a single herd. Dr. Cottam estimates that there are around 1,000 whitetails on the place, an average of one to every seven or eight acres. It was obvious they had not been hunted heavily, for two of them walked right up to the car.

Wherever we drove we encountered examples of the curious flora and fauna of south Texas. At one point, when we stopped to open a gate, a horned toad, that friendly lizard beloved by all Texans, crawled under a clump of prickly pear. As we slowed to watch a covey of quail, an armadillo turned its weak eyes toward us and plowed into a brush pile like an armored pig. By penetrating a thicket near the river Dr. Cottam was able to show me one of his prize birds, Merrill's parakeet, a hippopotamus-like creature and the largest of the goatsucker family in the U.S.

Late afternoon was the best, for then more animals were stirring. Large

Continued on next page

TEXAS OASIS

continued from page 11

skunks raised their tails as we approached. A coyote eyed the car and then moved off across the landscape. Cottontails ran into the brush and jack rabbits, ears erect, put considerable real estate between us and them. Dr. Cottam pointed out that they had a black patch at the base of the ears, a peculiarity of the jack rabbits of that section.

As we rode, Dr. Cottam told of sighting a red wolf on the property, a smallish wolf which is becoming rare in

Cottam, who already has listed 375 species and races of birds there. "Out of the same brush pile we have flushed the common hermit thrush of the northeast, the one that comes from the western U.S. and a rare common in Alaska. You can see two house wrens in one bush, and one will be typical of the east and the other typical of the west."

The effects of the prolonged drought, although not so grim as in some parts of Texas, were evident everywhere. In places there were cracks four inches wide in the thirsty ground. We passed dry, shallow depressions which in normal times would be full of water and

received a letter from Dr. Cottam which includes the following: "Our area still remains exceedingly dry. In fact, this is the driest year in history for this section of the state. If I did not state it, only three years since 1943 has precipitation in our particular section been up to normal or slightly above. Even so, our area looks infinitely better than do most of the other ranches in south Texas. As you may recall, we have dammed off four arroyos and made five additional pits. In the area of three of these we have had little showers so that we have a little water in three of them. Two of them have about six feet in them and the other merely a few inches, but even though the ponds are new, they are used by all forms of wildlife, including a hundred or so Canada geese, sand-hill cranes, doves, snow geese and our endemic forms of wildlife, deer, turkey, quail and tree birds. Yesterday I was surprised to find that conditions apparently have become so dry that even a red-tailed hawk was taking a drink out of one of the ponds.")

Water restoration is one of many programs which will be put into effect. Sitting in the car and looking out over the prairie at dusk, Dr. Cottam outlined his plans for turning the foundation into the influential force it was intended to be. He is firm in his belief that use land use for wildlife can be a healthy part of agriculture and, in many cases, will increase profits as well. He is also aware that these things cannot be attained overnight.

So that the work which he is starting may continue, he will set aside much of the income to establish a lasting fund for the foundation. Although the oil field which provides the money is expected to continue production for many years, no oil wells last forever. The income, however, is sufficient to carry out the program and build an endowment fund at the same time.

Within the next few years the foundation will build up a small staff of specialists to carry on research, to act as department heads for the various fields of wildlife study, assist scientists working there and help in the selection and supervision of students on research and scholarships. Dr. Cottam will supervise the entire program and will specialize in waterfowl research. Caleb Glaesner, an expert on upland game, will specialize in turkey and quail. Others will undertake big game management, fresh water fisheries and other branches essential to the project. In time Dr. Cottam will retain a wildlife educational specialist to help spread the lessons they have learned.



A CHILD OF THE FOUNDATION, a baby wild turkey or poul, is tenderly cradled in Dr. Cottam's hands. This is one of many wildlife species in which foundation land abounds.

south Texas. On three occasions, panthers have been sighted. Some 35 or 40 collared peccaries, speedy wild pigs, live on the place, and Dr. Cottam hopes they will increase.

Whenever we left the car to take a walk we flushed birds of many species. The winter songbird population of this region is probably richer than in any other section of the country, for south Texas is the base of the funnel down which the migrating flocks pour from east and west.

"This place should become a winter attraction for bird watchers," said Dr.

supporting geese and ducks in winter. But now big flocks of geese were wandering the far land back of the Texas coast in search of water. For its water needs, wildlife was depending almost entirely on the over flow ponds of the windmills.

Water improvement is first on the list of Dr. Cottam's projects. He showed me nine dams and ponds which had just been built with bulldozers as a start toward holding the vital water on the place. They were raw, gaping holes waiting, like all of Texas, for rain.

(Since this was written I have re-

Research already has gotten under way. The staff's first job was to find what they had to work with. To this end detailed aerial, contour and soil maps have been made; a soil survey and land capability map showing water development possibilities is almost completed; and a floral and vegetative map is being prepared.

Three research scholarships of \$2,480 each and other student grants have been awarded. Graduate students are at work making basic studies of mammals, plant associations and studies of grazing relationships between cattle and wildlife. Next year, when the buildings have been completed, more studies will be set in motion.

These will include studies of nongame species of birds and mammals and investigation of the rich reptile and amphibian fauna of the area. Some collecting is now under way. One day Dr. Cottam collected a 41-inch meecoon to find that it had just swallowed a 49-inch gopher snake. The coyotes that stalk across the prairies and the bobcats that prowl through the bottom lands will come under investigation as part of a study of predator-prey relationships.

Under the terms of the will the cattle will play a big part in the study picture. Dr. Cottam told how they will divide the area into pastures of various types, some with varying amounts of grazing and some with none at all. A long strip will be established down the center where things will remain undisturbed. This will serve as a control, to learn how much wildlife uses this area in comparison to the others.

These and many other studies will be undertaken on the property while related research is being financed at distant places. Everything undertaken will have the aim of learning how land can best be managed to add to the aesthetic and recreational, as well as the economic, well-being of its users.

Industry and individuals have supported research in the past. Foundations have been established and organizations formed to help learn the best methods of conservation. The Rob and Beanie Welser Wildlife Foundation is the first of its kind in America and, properly established, will point the way for private income to aid in wildlife conservation. Dr. Cottam is aware of the size of his job.

"It is a big responsibility," he said. "But it is also a challenge."

The eyes of Texas are upon the new foundation born when it is most needed. So are the eyes of conservationists of every other state. (E.N.R.)



A VICTIM OF GREED, this 41-inch meecoon held aloft by Dr. Cottam was found by him while he was collecting specimens. Its trouble: it had swallowed a 49-inch gopher snake.

THE LOVELY, LEAPING LIPIZZANERS

Amidst princely splendor Vienna's famed whites perform with matchless grace

THE ALABASTINE STICKS pictured opposite and on the following pages amid the pillared splendor of Vienna's ancient Spanish Court Riding School are Lipizzaners—the greatest equine performers in the world and a national treasure beyond price. Only within the last two years have they been restored to prewar glory in their ancestral home, after a long, perilous exile, during which they came close to extinction.

In the ritual accompanying the performance, in the trapping of the horses and the uniforms of the riders, little has changed since the Holy Roman Emperor Charles VI built the school for the breed 222 years ago. The cavalcade enters single file and high-steps across the sand-dusted-stone quadrangle to the logs of honor. Then to old dance music the lordly beasts respond to their riders' almost imperceptible commands by piroetting and doing the Spanish walk in which they raise diagonally opposite pairs of hooves and hold them aloft in a semblance of floating. These exercises, reminiscent of the horses' early stage of training, are followed by courbettes (pictured at right), the stallion advancing in leaps on his hind legs, forefeet never touching the ground; balletades, leaping high and wide with legs retracted like folded wings; levades, raising and folding the forelegs while the hunches support the full weight of the body. The finale is the traditional Great School Quadrille, a sequence of intricate steps brilliantly performed in absolute unison. It is a performance of statuesque high school dressage that has no peer anywhere else in the world.

The Spanish Court Riding School derives its name from the origin of the first Lipizzaner mares, not from its equestrian style. The breed, which contained Arab blood, was imported from Spain in 1565 by Emperor Maximilian II. The term Lipizzaner refers to the village of Lipizza, near Trieste, where Maximilian's brother, the Archduke Charles, established a stud in 1580.

In their long history the Lipizzaners have had many great masters, but perhaps none more important than the present head of the school, Colonel Alois Podhajsky, undoubtedly one of the finest horsemen and trainers of horses in history. It was Colonel Podhajsky, a lean, hard, ramrod-straight man of 58, who saved the Lipizzaners, first from the Germans toward the end of World War II and later from the Russians.

Of the several score Lipizzaners foaled each year, only a small number are judged likely to succeed as performers and are selected for training. The school can accommodate no more than 55 trainees at a time. The techniques, as complex as those of painting or music, have been handed down chiefly by word of mouth. The training of the riders, who must be crack horsemen to begin with, takes, on the average, a

year; of the stallions, starting when they are 4, three to five years. Once fully trained, the Lipizzaners can look forward to a long professional career. They are seldom retired before 25 and may live five to 10 years after that.

Of the classical school movements, some are copies from nature, like the play and fighting of horses in the pasture, others are adaptations of maneuvers formerly used in combat. Untrained Lipizzaners, for example, often leap up on their hind legs simply out of high spirits, a natural courbette. The piroquette originated in medieval combat, when the rider feinted an attack (half piroquette) and wheeled to return it (full piroquette).

A mare or rejected stallion will be sold by the Austrian government if Podhajsky recommends it, but this the colonel refuses to do unless the horse exemplifies the characteristics of the breed and the purchasing stable is a recognized one. The waiting list is long. The colonel approves less than half a dozen sales a year, with the price ranging between \$600 and \$800.

Terms of sale

There are several families of Lipizzaners in America. General George Patton, for his part in protecting the horses from the advancing Russians in 1945, received seven as a gift. Several years after his death, the Army offered them for sale. An auto dealer, John W. Nolan of El Reno, Okla., was the principal purchaser. He launched the Imperial Lipizzan Horse Breeders Association of America and amassed a herd of 26 before selling the horses at auction. A. C. Buehler of Chicago, president of the Victor Adding Machine Co., bought 12. Five were bought by Allan McIntosh, a prominent Wall Street broker, and his wife. On Sonnyfield Farm, their 500-acre estate in Bedford Village, N.Y., the McIntoshes maintain, chiefly as a hobby, a riding school and stable. Jessica Newberry, an 18-year-old from nearby Croton, obtained another Lipizzaner, Pluto, which she has exhibited many times with commendable success.

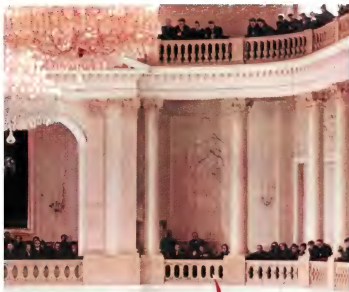
The McIntoshes' Lipizzaners now number 10, including two stallions. Under the handling of a German trainer, Fritz Stocken (who also trained Pluto), Conversano Frecciana, one of the few Lipizzaners the colonel has ever permitted to be sold, is showing striking progress. "In a year or two," says Mrs. McIntosh, "we hope to be able to show him." If they succeed, Conversano and Pluto will give the U.S. two first-rate Lipizzaners that completed their high school training on native ground.

—JOHN KOHLER

EXECUTING SPECTACULAR COURBETTE. Lipizzaner leaps across riding school ring on hind legs, forefeet never touching the ground. Some untrained Lipizzaners perform this feat naturally.









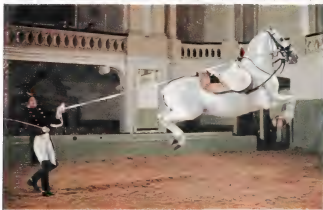
LEARNING LEVEE.—stallion is released in French Polka-step. Horse should hold position several seconds with or without rider.



STARTING COURBETTE.—colt takes its position, then the leader, here is also first, caught below, once that runs from the ground.

PRACTISING BALLOTTAGE.—stallion runs through space like king, less frequent. As with the broadband southwester, the balloting is

finally secured with a rider in the saddle. This movement is the first stage of the spectacular dressage called the caprice.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

FRINGE BENEFITS FOR BUD WILKINSON • JACKIE'S FIREWORKS

FINALE • PATRONESS OF HOCKEY • TWELVE-MINUTE FOOTBALL •

LEW, PANCHO AND THE PASSING OF TIME • AN O.K. FOR THE IBQ

OIL, YACHTS AND FOOTBALL

IN THE everlasting competition to find winning football coaches, three Texas oilmen, boosters of the University of Houston, last week offered the inducement of the year: two oil wells and a 125-foot air-conditioned yacht. The object of Houston's attention was Bud Wilkinson, a Minnesotan by birth, who has won 40 games in a row for the University of Oklahoma with the substantial help of young fellows recruited from the neighboring state of Texas.

The original bid was for just one little old oil well and "a sea-going yacht" undescribed. "I am glad," Bud Wilkinson said, with the serene dignity of a football coach who has tutored a university's football teams to two successive national championships and seven straight Big Seven championships, "that I don't have to comment on anything as absurd as this."

The Houston enthusiasts, whose improving team won 7, lost 2 and tied one last season, were not put off by icy language. "If oil wells and yachts are absurd," said Francis Blair, Houston oil operator, "then this world needs more absurdities. . . . I still think Bud's the greatest coach in the world, and we need him at Houston." Thereupon Blair was joined in his recruitment campaign by Houston's F. M. O'Connor, another independent oil operator and refinery owner, who offered to put up a second oil well, and Houston's O. J. McCulloch, who tossed in his yacht *Queen of Texas*, a truly sea-going craft that cost \$750,000.

Bud Wilkinson still seemed to cast a cold eye on such generosity. But in Houston, Oilman Blair's phone began

to ring with long-distance calls from all parts of the U.S. Other football coaches are deeply interested in oil wells and sea-going yachts.

NUTS TO THE GIANTS

JACKIE ROBINSON's retirement from baseball was a week-long spectacular, filled, like his career, with surprises, dimensions and sharp exchanges. But all through the week ran a thread of doubt: had Jackie really retired? Well, he had said that he had—but the Giants were offering him \$50,000 (but no yacht or oil wells) for 1957 if he would just change his mind. And his brand-new employer (possibly thinking that it would be check full of publicity value to have one of the company's

vice-presidents racing around the National League base paths next season) offered to let Jackie begin his job with a sabbatical year so that he could play. Furthermore, Robinson himself admitted that his No to the New York Giants was as yet only semifinal; the final word had not been given.

On Friday night it came: Jackie Robinson would play no more. And this time the news was buttressed by a statement of satisfaction from what most men consider a very high authority indeed. "It's going to be strange at first, living a normal life," said Rachel Robinson, Jackie's wife. "We'd been married 11 years next month and I've never had him home for more than two months at a time." "Rachel,"

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Fitness for Undergraduates

More physical education, with course credit, is a possibility for action's undergraduates. Pittsburgh University's Tom Hamilton, NCAA physical fitness committee chairman, told delegates in St. Louis that unless they work harder on fitness programs, American youth may be in "a sorry state." Among recommendations offered: extension of physical education courses from one to four years.

• Double Reversal

The NCAA ruled that colleges may pay for one campus visit by a prospective athlete, then put a limit on the total and a student-athlete may take from all sources. Reversing the rule (passed Government aid (GI Bill, VA, etc.) with other kinds, the NCAA tried to restrict it, failed, went home grumbling.

• Moscow Is Out

The hockey amateurs selected to represent the U.S. in European matches this winter will tour widely, from Britain to Czechoslovakia, but will pass up the world championship matches in Moscow, Feb. 28-March 2. The State Department bows to a visit to Russia.

• New Records, Well Travel

After setting two new world records (in the 400-meter and 440-yard freestyle) Australia's brilliant young Murray Rose announced plans to visit the U.S. in April to "look around some universities," beginning with Stanford and Yale.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 19

Jackie added, "has been a different person ever since we made the decision. I've never seen her so relaxed."

FRONT AND CENTER

FOR 14 YEARS a blond woman has occupied a front row seat in Madison Square Garden when the New York Rangers play hockey there. All the regular fans know her, and many of them make a quick check just before the game begins to be sure she is on hand. The two facts generally known about her are that she is blond and that she is always there. Now that some of the Rangers' games are being televised nationally, she is becoming a familiar figure to many more who assume that she is the wife of someone connected with the team.

Well, she isn't. Miss Sally Lark is an Interior decorator from Brooklyn.



"My friends used to tell me I would like hockey," she says, "but I was only interested in baseball. They insisted I go with them to the opening game of the 1943 season. So I went and, sure enough, they were right. From that day to this, I've missed only about 10 of the Rangers' home games."

There may be other fans as devoted as Miss Lark, but they have not achieved her anonymous celebrity—possibly because they lack her almost intransigent visibility. For one thing, she is just a shade short of being a platinum blonde and, for another, she subscribes season after season to a seat directly in front of the visitors' penalty box and just to the right of the Rangers'. When an outbreak of violence results in mass penalties, Miss Lark sits quietly as the snarling, sweating players tumble in around her and settle on their benches.

"It's better not to talk to them at first," she says. "They're not in a very good humor. But if a player gets a major penalty he usually has time to cool off before he leaves the box. Then, maybe, we speak."

Hockey players are so heavily padded that they all seem to be the same size and shape. Swirling like bright-colored leaves over the ice, they are nearly indistinguishable except by number. Yet Miss Lark can recognize

one instantly, without reference to the number on his back.

"I know all the players, not just the Rangers. After all, there's hardly a man on any team who hasn't and just behind me in the penalty box or else played with us. We're a great trading team, you know."

Years ago, before glass panels were installed between the game and the spectators, Miss Lark was hit in the ear by a flying puck ("Just a few drops of blood") and, even now, if she wears a hat, she is likely to have it knocked into her lap by some player thrashing about behind her on the penalty bench. Otherwise she finds life exciting but safe in her rinkside seat, with the timekeeper on the left and her gumbs on the right. She holds a season subscription to two seats in addition to the one she occupies.

She was the center of quite a fuss in Montreal last year, without ever leaving New York. The Canadiens had come south for Stanley Cup playoffs with the Rangers, and the games were televised by special arrangement to Montreal. Every time the camera zoomed in on the penalty box, there Miss Lark would be, apparently planted by the enemy to distract and disrupt the players. Canadians peered at their TV screens, muttered and exploded angrily in letters to the press. They finally calmed down, though, when somebody spread the word around Montreal that Miss Sally Lark was a Ranger fan like any other and not an agent provocateur at all.

TIME OF THE GAME

FRIENDS OF CROCODON STATE, who thought time was standing still when Iowa bashed their Beavers in the Rose Bowl, may find it unbelievable, but the actual time of bashing was only 10½ minutes.

Attorney John J. Wicker Jr., something of a human IBM machine from Richmond, Va., uses the Rose Bowl as an example that football is actually one half huddling, one third officials handling the ball, and only 17% actual football playing.

Actual football playing, by Wicker's definition, is what happens between the time the ball is centered and the whistle blows the play to a standstill.

Wicker, armed with stop watch, scratch paper and much statistical data, has been carrying on a personal war to put football back in football.

He started stop-watching 10 games a year five years ago and was shocked to learn those 60-minute "iron men" ac-

tually averaged 11 minutes 25 seconds.

Huddles consume about half the time, and this seldom varies, Wicker says. But officials have been known to consume more than three minutes' time, from one game to another, simply by "lining up the ball, talking to other officials and looking up at television cameras."

Wicker pointed out that while the huddles in the Rose and Gator bowls took up approximately the same time (eight seconds difference), Gator Bowl fans saw 13 minutes 26 seconds' worth of football compared to 10½ in the Rose Bowl because the officials did not take up as much time placing and misplacing the ball in the Gator Bowl.

Wicker does not leave these tidbits of information without a remedy for the ailments.

His cure: five-minute quarters with the clock running only from the time the ball is snapped until the referee blows his whistle. That way, he figures, the fans would get at least 20 minutes of the real thing.

"THEN I'LL TURN PRO"

WHEN Ken Rosewall decided to turn pro after the Challenge Round last month, there was strong speculation that his Davis Cup twin, Lew Hoad, might do likewise.

Certainly, the circumstances were the same. Both are young men of moderate circumstances, the same age (32) and with newly-gained responsibilities of marriage. Hoad even has the extra responsibility of a young daughter, a year old.

Premier Jack Kramer wanted both Hoad and Rosewall badly and of the two probably preferred Hoad because of the latter's greater list of triumphs and tremendous power game. At the last minute Kramer sought to complete his coup by offering the two Australian Cuppers each a guarantee of \$67,200 tax-free for two years. Rosewall heaped. Hoad wouldn't budge. Why? Bill Talbert, America's Davis Cup captain, has brought the answer from Australia:

Hoad is interested in professional tennis, but not this year and perhaps not next.

"I don't think I'm ready," Lew has told Jack Kramer. "When I feel I am, you may come around to see me, or I'll come to see you."

Lew told Kramer he first wanted to build his game to its full potential. He feels if he turns pro now he will be just a fat offering for the wolves—or rather

continued on page 22



"What are you doing in Schraff's? Get down to Chuck full o' Nuts and make him another offer!"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

(continued from page 29)

the wolf in the form of Pancho Gonzalez, king of the necessities.

"Pancho probably would chew me up the way he did Tony Trabert and then I'd be through—finished after a year," Head said. "I want to work on my game some more. I want to try to win all the major amateur championships [loss in the U.S. at Forest Hills cost him the grand slam last year]. In a year, maybe in two years, I may feel ready to take Gonzalez, who will be older. Then I'll turn pro."

END OF A DREAM

CONSIDER the poor golfer. Like the citizen of a police state he is forever squeezed between his own helpless inadequacy and the persecution of the ruling authorities. In the latter instance it is the U.S. Golf Association which is constantly harassing the duffer with rules and regulations that perpetuate his bondage to mediocrity.

Take, for instance, the 1957 *Rules of Golf*, on which the ink is scarcely dry. On page 68 there is a new section called "Computation of Par and Buggy." Boiled down to its essence, this section simply stretches par into an even more fearsome yardstick for the man who, year by year, finds the air thicker, the ball heavier and his clubs more unwieldy. Under the new rules the yardage for a par 3 hole has been expanded from 220 to 250 yards, for a par 4 from 445 to 470 yards, and anything over 470 yards is now par 5. As a palliative the USGA has offered the duffer a secondary standard called "buggy," in which holes up to 190 yards are rated at 2, up to 370 yards at 4, up to 540 at 6, and everything over that at 8. Nonetheless, every golfer's handicap will still be measured by par, and so, of course, the handicap has been inflated by flat, like the dollar.

That may not seem so important to some people, but it utterly disregards a basic urge of golf—the duffer's secret, Mitty-like dreams of one day tying all his best holes together for a round in perfect figures. Such a dream now sadly recedes into the mists of impossibility. The USGA slyly rationalizes its heartless new ruling with the pronouncement that "players have gradually developed an ability to achieve greater distance with the golf ball, by one means or another."

When do they think they are fooling? It may very well be that the poor and a scattering of strong young men

have achieved this "greater distance"—but what about the weekend toiler of rapidly maturing years? For him there is nothing left but the ignominious term "buggy." Come to think of it, the word also describes those men at the USGA. They're bogymen. That's what they are.

THE GUILTY GUILD

WHEN JULIUS HELFAND declared the New York chapter of the International Boxing Guild out of bounds for managers there was some feeling that the IBG could not long survive outside New York. It has survived, though it has not flourished. Last week it won a boost in the courts. It was found not guilty.

The federal antitrust division had brought a criminal action against the IBG in Cleveland, alleging conspiracy in restraint of trade by boycotting televised studio bouts and conspiring to fix TV fees for fighters. The case did not go deeply into such matters as had moved Helfand to find the New York Guild a "menace" to boxing. The Cleveland case against the Guild ended abruptly when Federal Judge James C. Connell granted a directed verdict of acquittal.

The Government had, in fact, attacked the Guild in an area where it has won a great deal of sympathy. Its ostensible reason for being has been that an organization was needed to protect managers and fighters against the encroachments of television, which killed off fight clubs by the score and sever, until forced by the Guild, paid more than a pittance to its performers. Unfortunately, as has happened in

some labor unions, the Guild was conceived by and dominated by a few men who hoped one day to be in a position to rule boxing to their own benefit. That was Helfand's best. This aspect did not concern the Government in the antitrust case.

Judge Connell, in throwing the case out, indicated that boxing's decline was very much in his mind.

"As has been said," the judge observed, "boxing may be a dying industry. It's a sociological problem. As people move to the suburbs, they want to go to college, and when guys think enough about their nose to put it in a book, they also think enough of it not to put it in the ring."

(Most boxing men agree with the judge that high property and plentiful jobs have cut down the supply of fighters. And TV has eliminated most of the small clubs where they once would have learned their trade.)

"The more I heard," the judge said, "the more I found all the justice was on the side of the defendants. The television people know what they are going to take in and set a minimum. And nobody says to them, 'You're going to be indicted.' By expelling managers who put their fighters on studio shows without audiences, Guild members were trying to protect themselves. I don't know how else they could have done it. Expelling managers was the same as when other organizations expelled bad lawyers or bad doctors."

Next day, rambling on his decision, Judge Connell made a telling point about the life of no-audience studio boxing from a sporting aspect.

"TV studio fights are bad psychologically," he said. "Men in boxing matches or any sport will do their best when they are cheered. TV eliminates the human element of encouragement."

Charles Johnston, IBG president and manager of Archie Moore and Sandy Saddler, and William (Horsey Bill) Daly, IBG treasurer and manager of Vince Martinez, were two of the defendants. They held court after the verdict and agreed with the judge.

"Boxing is dead under today's conditions," Daly said, with Johnston nodding assent. "There should be a TV blackout where fights originate. That would bring the guys back."

"Why don't you come clean?" a reporter asked. "You know it isn't TV. It's the basers. You just don't have any."

Daly and Johnston nodded yes, laughed and shrugged. Johnston said the IBG would call a national convention in the next 30 days.



INTANGIBLE AWARD

A hole in
His only crown:
He landed himself
Upside down.

James F. Coogan



BAREFOOT GOLFER Dickinson, after battle play from wave-washed beach and an over-the-shoulder penalty drop sent him



forth into the frigid waters after his vert-lower ball, patiently placed it down on a rock in a successful attempt to reach dry land.



DICKINSON SLICES BALL UP 45-FOOT CLIFF TO THE GREEN AND 47 FOR THE HOLE

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

MAN AGAINST THE SEA

The aqueous frustration of Gardner Dickinson Jr. is the result of the most forbidding water hazard in all golf—a foaming inlet of the Pacific Ocean which intersects the par-3 16th hole at Monterey's Pebble Beach. When his tee shot plopped into the drink in the first round of the Crosby Tournament he took off his shoes and socks and manfully waded after it to do battle. Dickinson finished in a tie for 20th in the tournament, which Jay Hebert won



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LUCKENBACH

WIGWAGGING AT TROPICAL



WHITE-HATTED Thomas Cochran (1) who is blind, flags program to signal hordes are at the post for third race, January 2. Raised program (2) means that "they're off" to a confederate



planted outside track who use telephone to hordes eagerly awaiting fast news. (Only accredited newsmen and officials have access to track telephones during the race. Cochran jumps up (3) to



STATE'S ATTORNEY Ed McCollum scans horizon for receiving end of team (7) as Deputy Sheriff Albert Molina searches Cochran. Partner Roscoe Odle is located about a half mile away



in wooden house (8) just visible to naked eye from stands on a clear day. Cochran surrenders his program flag (9) while bespectacled biographer now seems awed by entire proceedings. Blatant



ODLE'S ARREST follows outside home (10) where he picked up Cochran's signal. Molina gets culprit's view of track (14) as Deputy Sheriff Lefty Grubbs steadies apparatus to which



Odle's binoculars were attached. Jack Leona, TRF's agent, examines binoculars (13), specially constructed and of a powerful type unsuited to police. Odle is seated right. Cop gets tired

With the help of police officials from Dade County, a Miami photographer took this remarkable series of pictures of the arrest of two men charged with flashing results from the Florida race track to bookmakers across the country

PARK



Indicate a photo Ensh has been called. Inevitable houseplayer returns beside him. (4) waiting for the payoff to wink on tote board. Marking his progress. (5), Cochrane begins his houseplayer, who

politely asks for tip. Code was in complete that prize could also be flashed outside the track. As Cochrane writes, two detectives sympathetically intercepts (6) to end useless wranglers.



Cochrane, smiling signed document, is interrogated in office of Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau. (9) A reporter follows. Arrived in then escorted from track. (10) in cluster of policemen

on way to parking lot car-side, where Molina reports to car (11) and first-race papers which may have been a document for some future race by signifiers. Equipment was then confiscated.



(14) new shoulders of pretty, brunette Joan Hignester (later freed), also found in chilly house. Hungry Ode struggles with jelly jar (15) before trio is whisked to Miami jail (16). Cochrane

was charged with illegally disseminating race track information, Ode with conspiracy to do the same thing. Horse faltering last in signaled race was a 10-to-1 long shot named Caught. (17)

'I DON'T BELIEVE

When Ed Mendoza, a young, tough, not extraordinarily good Chicago Bear end, caught Detroit's Bobby Lague with a battering blind-side tackle last month while Lague was not carrying the ball, he did two things: He removed Bobby from the game via a concussion, and he set off a storm of protest against dirty football. "Mendoza should have brought a black-jack," said the Detroit coach, Rocky Parker. "They had to get Lague, and they got him with deliberately dirty football." Parker's accusation was a serious one: if a game which can produce the fine men who guard the Silver Anniversary All-American (SI, Dec. 26) is being destroyed by the moral decay dirty play implies, the loss is ultimately everyone's.

No proof was adduced to support Parker's accusation, but the incident brought into sharp focus the growing feeling among fans, players and coaches that pro football is dirty. Sports Illustrated's Ten Minute last week questioned Bert Bell, the stubborn, honest commissioner of the National Football League for the last 11 years, on how serious the situation really is and on what Bell—and the league—is going to do about it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MILES



CRAGGY FACE peering reflectively from these pages belongs to the commissioner of the National Football League, Bert Bell. Bell is an m-a-t-t-e-r man.

THERE IS DIRTY FOOTBALL'



and a third one, not given to individual egomaniacs, brutal or benevolent. Here he says the game plays it clean but tells what happens when they don't.

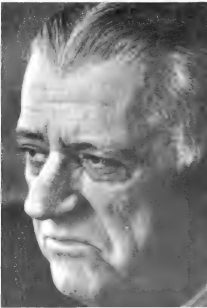
Q: Do you think that pro football is dirty and getting dirtier?

A: [Grunned in the rasp which is Bell's speaking voice] No, I don't believe there is dirty football. I never have. Sure, there are flare-ups. But I have never seen a maliciously dirty football player in my life and I don't believe there are any maliciously dirty players in the National Football League.

Q: How do you explain the protests from coaches, owners and fans?

A: I believe this. If you go back seven or eight years, three or four teams dominated the league. So games and individual plays weren't always as vital as they are now. Now any team can beat any other team in the league, and every game is important. The players get more excited, and officials have maybe 55 or 60 judgment calls to make in every game. They don't come equipped with radar or a zoomer lens, either. Now you got to remember every team uses movies, too. They can look for things and find things the officials may miss. But the situation is this—the more you can't

continued on next page





"NO DIRTY PLAYER FOR US!"



"THAT'S NO PROBLEM"



"I AM NEVER SATISFIED"

WONDERFUL WORLD

continued

always right, either. The other day a man who is competent told me he would bet \$10,000 he could set up a couple of cameras four feet on either side of the 50-yard line and get completely different pictures.

Q: How about the protest the Chicago Cardinals made against the Chicago Bears on their Dec. 9 game in which the Cards claimed their scorers showed over 20 fads by the Bears which were not called by the officials? Did you see those movies?

A: Wallace [managing director of the Cardinals] sent the thing to me. I agree some mistakes were made. Nothing malicious.

Q: Then why did you refuse to let the Cardinals give a public showing of their game film?

A: I didn't say they couldn't show the film. What I said was that they couldn't show the thing and stop it whenever they wanted so they could point out the mistakes of the officials. I will never condone anyone holding the officials up to public ridicule.

Q: Has any owner or coach ever complained to you about "hatchet men"?

A: No. I never heard of a "hatchet man" in pro football, if you mean by that a player who is sent into a game deliberately to injure an opponent. A hatchet man wouldn't live a year in pro football.

Q: Do you mean by that the opposing teams should take care of him?

A: I go back to Davey O'Brien, the little TCU back who played for the Eagles. Somebody fooled Davey once. That guy got straightened out a little bit—in language—and every time he got hit. It was a little harder every time he got hit.

Q: Have you heard of a play called "dead dog" in which the quarterback simply keeps the ball and the rest of the team goes to work on a dirty player on the other team?

A: Dead dog? No. I never heard of that. Sure, if a guy is looking for trouble, he gets it. That's true. He'll take a pretty fair thrashing from the players, but legally. You figure, too, if a guy gets in too much trouble, he's no good to his team and the coach will get rid of him. That's another reason no dirty player can last in the pros.

Q: Twice this season, Bear opponents have lost their quarterbacks early. George Shaw of the Baltimore Colts

was hurt and, of course, Eugene of the Lions. Do you think any team ever deliberately tries to knock out a quarterback?

A: Well, the quarterback is a natural target, but how long have these quarterbacks played? Take Otto Graham. He played 16 years and never missed a game. Most quarterbacks don't get hurt. No team ever deliberately tries to get the quarterback.

Q: Do you think there should be a more stringent penalty for a foul which results in a player's injury and deprives a team of his services? Say a penalty but something like hockey ones?

A: No. It hasn't helped much in hockey, has it? How is hell can you play with 16 men? You might as well forfeit.

Q: You have already said that your officials make mistakes. Are you satisfied with your officials as a group?

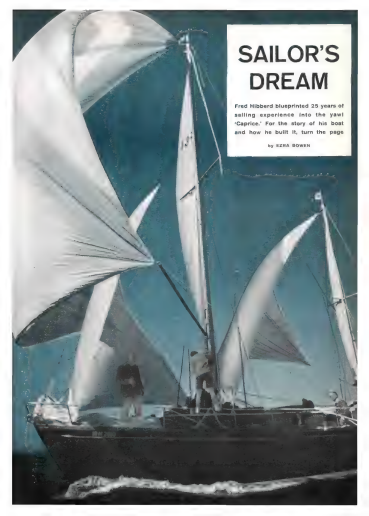
A: No. I am never satisfied with anything. I think we have the best officials in the world, but I think they could be better, too. It's hard to get real good officials. A guy doesn't make much money the first four or five years. He makes about \$10,000 a year, then \$15,000 a year, so he quits. Only guys left are schoolteachers and YMCA workers, and they got the time but they aren't suited. They're used to pleasing people and handling kids, not football players.

Q: Are you doing anything to improve the officiating?

A: Yeah, I've got a resolution now. I'm going to present it at the league meeting. Each home team will have to furnish the league office with a game film within 48 hours after a game. Then Mike Wilson, our chief official, will go over the movies and pick out the mistakes and take them up with the officials. We're trying to get as-ess as officials, too. Then we'll put them in the spot nearest where they played—like Don Looney, a former end, will be a field judge down where the ends go when they're on a pass pattern. That way, the official understands the situation and so does the player.

Q: One of your rules on TV coverage prevents cameras from staying on a light on the field. Why?

A: I don't believe for the best interests of football or the best interests of the women and children who watch football it should be shown. We're selling a product just like, say, Atlantic Refining is selling gas. You don't see them putting out a story about a bad situation or a bad month, do you? If people want to watch fights, let them tune in on Wednesday night.

A large, dark-hulled sailboat with multiple white sails is shown from a low angle, sailing on a choppy sea. The sails are partially deployed, and the boat is moving towards the right. The sky is a clear, deep blue. The overall tone is dramatic and evocative of a sailor's life.

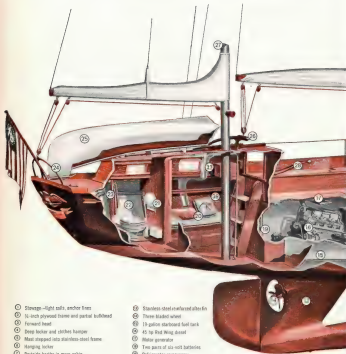
SAILOR'S DREAM

Fred Hibberd blueprinted 25 years of sailing experience into the yawl 'Caprice.' For the story of his boat and how he built it, turn the page

by SZERA BOWEN

INSIDE FRED HIBBERD'S CRUISING

With an engineer's sharp eye for detail and a yachtsman's feeling for comfort on board, Hibberd packed two full cabins and a hefty diesel engine into a 28-foot eight-inch hull

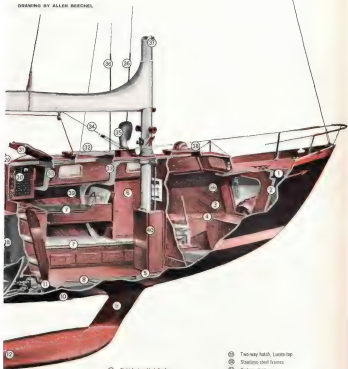


- ① Storage—light coils, anchor lines
- ② 1/4-inch plywood frame and partial bulthead
- ③ Forward head
- ④ Deep locker and clothes hamper
- ⑤ Mast stepped into stainless-steel frame
- ⑥ Hanging locker
- ⑦ Portside berth in main cabin
- ⑧ Stainless-steel water tanks
- ⑨ Cast-steel forward fin
- ⑩ Keel cooler for engine water
- ⑪ V-drive gear
- ⑫ 6,000-pound cast-iron ballast keel

- ⑬ Stainless-steel reinforced after fin
- ⑭ Three-bladed wheel
- ⑮ 19-gallon starboard fuel tank
- ⑯ 45 hp Red Wing diesel
- ⑰ Motor generator
- ⑱ Two pairs of six-volt batteries
- ⑲ Refrigerator compressor
- ⑳ After cabin portside berth
- ㉑ Pullman-type folding washbasin
- ㉒ After head
- ㉓ After storage—lines, life jackets, etc.
- ㉔ Stainless-steel vertical beam

YAWL 'CAPRICE'

DRAWING BY ALLEN BEECHER



- ① Eight-foot molded dinghy
- ② Stainless-steel mainmast horse
- ③ Hollow aluminum mainmast (14 feet)
- ④ Tiller
- ⑤ Combination ratchet winch
- ⑥ Switch panel
- ⑦ Main hatch, chart holder on top

- ⑧ Two-way hatch, Lucite top
- ⑨ Stainless-steel frames
- ⑩ Racking strap
- ⑪ Outboard cooled vent
- ⑫ Aluminum rollers on main shrouds
- ⑬ Hollow aluminum mainmast (14 feet)
- ⑭ Forward hatch with Juddbury Skip Mast
- ⑮ Diagonal planking of inner skin
- ⑯ Folding table

THE DREAM THAT BECAME 'CAPRICE'

AT A TIME when yachting fashion suggests that to be fast on the water and comfortable in your cabin you must own a wide-beamed centerboarder like *Panther* (SI, June 18, 1956), a New York engineer named Fred Hibberd is sailing dead against the current with some solid and original ideas of his own. Unlike many of his yachting brethren, Hibberd is unmoved by the fact that in the past two years the winner of the transatlantic race to Sweden, of the Storm Trysail Race, and of three of the four classes in the last Bermuda Race were centerboarders.

"Carleton Mitchell," Hibberd said, speaking of *Panther's* owner, "says he flows fat boats. I belong to another school. I like the way a keel boat handles when the weather is heavy. Con-

terboarders tend to be rather complicated affairs and rather expensive. They're wider, and for that reason the rail goes under further at a given angle of heel. You've got to keep centerboarders on their feet to get the best out of them. And for going to sea, the centerboard trunk is just one more thing that can go wrong. Also, with regard to room," he went on, "our main cabin has as much effective room as *Panther's*."

Hibberd, whose *Caprice* measures a full 15 inches narrower in the beam than *Panther's* extreme 11 feet three inches, actually did get as much room in his main cabin by establishing a couple of get theories. One is the open fir keel, a 6,000-pound torpedo of cast iron supported by two fins, with a yawning hole between (see drawing

page 39). No one else, to Hibberd's knowledge, has ever tried to build one.

The idea of the open keel, which Hibberd worked out on a 31-foot gaff-rigged *Caprice* he built in 1949, is to allow the keel to be belied to a steel frame forward in the boat without getting the lateral plane of the keel as a whole so far forward that it upsets the sailing balance. Furthermore, *Caprice's* keel gives an extra dividend in cabin space because it is set onto a hull with fat, convex lower sections that allow for a wider floor inside the boat. In a conventional keel boat, the lower sections have to be drawn narrow and concave so that the curves of the hull will run smoothly into the keel.

Hibberd gets even more floor space as a by-product of the ribless, molded-type construction he picked for *Caprice*. For this, he went to Luders Marine Construction Co. of Stamford, Conn., a pioneer in molded hulls, whose latest model of the ribless L-27 cruising sloop is one of the prime attractions at the New York boat show this week.

For *Caprice*, Luders set up a mold of rough space, and heat strips of 3/8-inch mahogany diagonally across the frame. Then, using waterproof Resocinol glue and about 20,000 brass screws, they clamped down another layer of planking on the opposite diagonal. Finally, they glued and nailed on an outer skin with the planking running fore and aft. Once the second layer of glue had set, the nails were pulled, the spruce mold was pried out and thrown away. The hull was then ready for the three stainless steel frames and the plywood bulkheads which hold the hull rigid, take the strain of the mast and shrouds and support the weight of the keel.

Very few boats have ever been made by this cold-molded process, i.e., without the expensive permanent forms and the steam heat and pressure system used in conventional molded-hull construction. Luders tried the cold-molded system and got away with it. As a result, the builders not only saved money, they also drew praise on the

SAILING HIBBERDS are all crack yachtsmen. From left, Fred senior skipsper *Caprice*; Elie, 15, is top contender in Lightning races; Mrs. Laura Hibberd was five times national women's sailing champion; Fred junior, 18, won Y.R.A. of Long Island Sound Lightning title five years in row. David (below), only 5, is already good hand aboard *Caprice*.



continued on page 37



VIEW FORWARD in main cabin shows six-foot-plus headroom and four-bank arrangement. Large port lights and overhead skylights give cabin maximum natural illumination. Lower bunks are used

as seats when table *above* folded vertically around aluminum companionway and used as table. Entire thrust of mast is taken by unique stainless steel frame which runs completely around inside of ship.

VIEW AFT in main cabin shows interior width obtained by use of this wood laminate hull construction. From left, alcohol stove on galley, stainless steel-topped galley and mechanical refrigerator

fit snugly on starboard side of companionway *above* folded with bunk boards. On portside, navigation equipment, hand horn and electric control board are placed over large sliding locker.



Follow the sun in



Tweed swim trunks, as before, are still popular. The latest craze for swimming... fishing on the beach. Tweed fishing, yet comfortable for sand bobby, the shape of the net, never before known. One, with a temporary and knit.

nothing



HEELING OVER In fresh breeze, yawl Caprice shows roamy stern with gilt eagle on transom. Crew (from left) are John Nichols

HAULING IN (over show), Skipper Fred Hibbard uses winch which is designed with cleat mounted to hold sheet when trimming sails.

aboard: Dick Lagner, Lerra Hibbard, Doris Nichols. Owner Fred Hibbard at helm is half hidden by Eleanor Lagner (right).

VIEW FROM THE SPREADERS Near top of 44-foot mast shows efficient cleat, part of fitted for 18-foot 1960s-era nylon down.



continued from page 28

construction method from no less an authority than Philip H. Rhodes, a brilliant marine architect who normally favors the more traditional approach. "He's got one piece of wood all the way around the boat," said Rhodes. "It becomes one piece, that is, and that's good."

Rhodes also liked Hibberd's choice of a split cabin. Ordinarily it is hard enough to fit one livable cabin into a small cruising boat, but Hibberd and Luders, by using a shoofers and some geometrical hocus-pocus, were able to squeeze in two of them.

"That arrangement," said Rhodes, "does double duty on length. The cockpit is right there where you can reach it. And you're not sitting under the mizzen, which can be bad—it dumps wind and water down your neck. The split cabin also lets you get the engine under the cockpit and still have a big engine room. The only thing I don't like about it is that it's wet because the cockpit is so far forward."

Hibberd, naturally, had his own list of reasons for the arrangement. "You get privacy," he said, "especially when you have a head in each cabin. You get the dinghy out of your line of sight by getting it off the main cabin top and sticking it under the mizzen on the after cabin. You get access to the motor under the cockpit from both ends. I don't think Mitchell could possibly get my big diesel in his boat. Then, there are two seaguing reasons for it. One is that you're sitting in the center of pitching, instead of back near the stern where the boat's going up and down. The other is that by filling out the waterline to make room for the other cabin, you have a great deal of reserve buoyancy left."

"One disadvantage you always hear about a split cabin," he said, echoing Rhodes' criticism, "and that is your cockpit is wet. But Caprice just isn't a wet boat. I don't know if it's the high freeboard or what."

He went on, then, to be quite frank about some of her weaker points.

"One trouble," he said, "which I think can be overcome is that you can get weather or sea in the forward-facing hatch of the after cabin." Up to now, Caprice has been used mainly for cruising the quiet waters of Long Island Sound. However, last week she was loaded aboard a freighter for Trinidad. Later this month the Hibberds will fly down with friends and test her

continued on page 30



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35mm Wide-angle Lens \$56.50. **Variable Power Viewfinder** (shown on camera) \$14.50.



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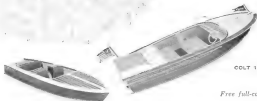
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SAILOR'S DREAM

continued from page 27

out on a six-week cruise to San Juan. The southern trip should give them plenty of chance to see if she takes water into the after cabin. She won't, if another Hibberd idea, a quick-folding hatch cover that can be flipped down when a big wave hits, works out.

The occasional Caribbean calm may give Hibberd some second thoughts about another of Caprice's characteristics—her short rig. By keeping all of his sails and running gear inboard of the ends of the boat, and by picking smaller masts to keep the sail area in proper proportion to the short boom, he came out with less canvas than most boats this size. "Caprice is an under-rigged boat," he admitted, but he would not admit she is slow. On the contrary, he had the hull tank-tested at Stevens Institute marine laboratories to make sure he had a boat that would go. "All the members of my family race," he said, "and I wanted to give them some incentive to come in races with me. The race record so far indicates that Caprice is not as good in light winds as heavy. But you can't have it all. I'd rather have a boat that is fast in heavy weather and a good sea boat, too, which Caprice is."

As he got ready for the trip to the Caribbean last week, Fred Hibberd seemed just as satisfied with the other ideas that he had designed in his Caprice. The circulating fresh-water cooling system he built into the keel had proved itself over the past summer, not only as a means of keeping the engine cool but as a welcome escape from the weed-clogged intakes that plague vessels with salt-water cooling systems. The winches with built-in jam cleats and ratchet handles were making life easier on a family boat where manpower is often not as heavy as it is on the big ocean racers. The simple inboard rig promised to keep her manageable even under emergency conditions. "Two can handle Caprice nicely in heavy weather," he said, "and if one is sick the other can do it alone." As for her short sail area, Hibberd emphasized that he was satisfied, that he had built this boat for himself and his family, not to win ocean races. "If I wanted a racing boat," said Hibberd, "I wouldn't have built one like Caprice, and I wouldn't have designed her myself. I'd have assumed that the professionals could do a better job. But one thing the professionals don't know is what I want in a boat. That's what I know most about." (E.S.)

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Carole Mandel, pretty, sharpshooting wife of Chicago merchant, who broke three world records last year, missed only seven of 1,300 targets in 12-gauge class, became first woman to lead all competitors in high average with .394.



Carlo A. Petrang, nonplaying captain of Italy's six-man contract bridge team, has little trouble managing victory while after accepting Bermuda Bowl for squad's easy triumph over U.S. in world championships at New York.

RECORD BREAKERS

Murray Rose, guide-chucking young (17) Australian freestyle who won three gold medals in Olympics and thrives as diet of muscle-building seaweed jelly which his mother extracts from kelp gathered on Sydney beaches, clocked off 4:23.9 for 400 meters, 4:27.1 for 440 yards to better world records in New South Wales championships at Sydney (Jan. 12).

Dolph Schayes, leather-fingered Syracuse veteran, swished 18 foul shots without miss for new NBA mark, added 11 field goals for 40 points, but Nets lost to Minneapolis 118-116 at Syracuse (Jan. 10).

FOOTBALL

Warren Woodson, sharp-tongued University of Arizona coach who once told Tucson, "I know more about football than anyone here, and I'm smarter about football than you. Stay out of my business as I can do better," and later described his job as "the most miserable experience of my life," found way out of his misery. He resigned after five years and 4-6 record last fall. Other job shufflers: Georgia Tech Backfield Coach Frank Broyles to Missouri, no-moving retired Don Faurot; North Carolina Assistant Eddie Tague to The Citadel, replacing resigned John Sauer.

Bert Rechbacher, starry Baltimore halfback, used his talented right foot to notch Sam Baker's 52-yard field goal, also booted three others from 41, 44 and 42 yards out to lead West to 19-16 victory over East in Pro Bowl at Los Angeles.

TENNIS

Donudge and Fred Perry, two old pros who engaged in many a stirring duel in late 1890s, clinched through two-set match. Dudge winning 6-3, 6-4, as tennis stars raised \$13,000 for injured Art Larsen in exhibition in New York.

BASKETBALL

College basketball continued on its merry way as conference races began to heat up, but spotlight was still on Kansas and North Carolina, all alone among nation's unbeaten major colleges (see page 41).

Fort Wayne became latest leader in new Western Division of NBA, replacing slumping Rochester while Minneapolis was four out of five, were only two games out of first place. Boston had its troubles in East but still held three-game edge over Philadelphia as New York opened to challenge Warriors for second.

BASEBALL

Jackie Robinson, often center of controversy in his 10 years as Brooklyn Dodger, decided to make his retirement stick despite \$50,000 offer from New York Giants, but promptly touched off new foot-to-mouth war when he told Washington, Ill. church group that Milwaukee lost 1956 pennant because "two or three players were visiting nightclubs and bars until the wee hours." Quick to retort were Braves' Johnny Logan, who called Jackie "just a runner spreader," and Ernie Jackson: "Robinson is popping off again."

BOXING

Heavyweight contenders continued to act like reluctant dragons as Champion Floyd Patterson basked in reflected glory. Aggie but as power puncher, fifth-ranked Harold Carter gave away 33 pounds but little else to lethargic Bob Baker (ranked No. 2), caught a few good blows (see below) before hustling to easy victory in 10-rounder in New York; Zora Folley, knocked flat on his back in seventh, got up to win 10-round split decision over mauling Wayne Betts at Syracuse; first-ranked Hurricane Jackson, whose ability to read, write and think fluently has been questioned in some quarters, was arrested on charge of using forged driver's license after his car struck and killed pedestrian in Far Rockaway, N.Y. Still to be heard from: third-ranked Eddie Machen, 84 Flakerty's latest victim, who maces former Light Heavyweight Champion Joey Maxim in Miami Jan. 25.

Heavyweight Champion Carmen Basile, suffering from injured right hand, was granted postponement of Jan. 18 title bout with Johnny Saxton by Cleveland Boxing Commission. New date: Feb. 22.

HOCKEY

Montreal, swash-buckling as ever, outskated Toronto 2-1, Boston 4-1, 3-1 to stretch unbeaten streak to eight, opened three-point lead over Detroit. Five over Bruins in NHL. Maple Leafs got hit from return of Ted (Teeder) Kennedy, bottled past New York into fourth place.

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



SURPRISED Harold Carter (left) gets rubber-wood massage from Bob Baker in Madison Square Garden heavyweight fight.



WELL-ADJUSTED Ing guards help prepare Britain's new Prince Michael Marston for the batsman's role in cricket match.



EXCITED Seattle Coach Johnny Castellani is all choked up as he watches his team beat Portland 87-81 in an overtime game.

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LEXOL

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Carla Marchegg, 21-year-old Genoa university student, gave Austrian stars surprise lesson at their own game, scoring triple in slalom, giant slalom and downhill in Swiss international women's ski championships at Garmisch.



William Joshua Barney Jr., of Southport, Conn., direct descendant of Revolutionary and War of 1812 Naval Hero Captain Joshua Barney, has been elected president of National Horse Show Association, succeeding Walter B. Deussen.

Dead Pier ruddy-faced New Yorker, shooting with accuracy of pool shark, began profitable week by winning Los Angeles Open with 280, ended it with last-hole clutch shot to take Panama Open at Balboa with 277. Louisiana's Jay Hebert overcame pressure and gutsy yutts to grab off \$2,500 prize with 64-hole 513 in Bing Crow pro-amateur at Pebble Beach, Calif. Little-known Bud Pagan, West Palm Beach free captain, came up with sparkling 67 to establish big-name pros in rich MacNaughton pro-amateur at Miami Beach.

Joao Manuel Fangaia, holding world champion, skillfully kept his smooth-running Maserati out in front while Ferraris succumbed to wave of clutch trouble, averaged record-breaking 89 mph to win Argentine Grand Prix in 3:55 and took away eight points toward 1957 title.

NOMINATED—**Ross L. LaBor**, 70, longtime conservationist, U.S. Steel executive; for new post of Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife, by President Eisenhower, at Washington, D.C.

KILLS—Ken Wharton, 31, Hockley but hard-luck British racing driver who had survived many another crash, when his Ferrari Monza hit timing tower and flipped during 100-mile sports car preliminary to New Zealand Grand Prix, at Auckland.

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 800 PAMPHIL, Brown, 340 m. New Zealand built
 Grand Prix, in 1948. 55 ft. in length. England.

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See FTA, 1809, over Toronto, 18-5, for Michigan Transfer, 180, National Bank.

FAST DELIVERY BULL, owned by Marvin Carver, Durham, N.C., born 47-48 age 1966, Finchburg, N.C.
ON'S (JUN), owned by Frank Aab, Feltus, N.H., showing dog stage, Finchburg, N.C.

MICKIE WRIGHT, San Diego, (see Island Dec.) involved with 112 for 24 hours.

WOLANDELLI 11: 128,920 Suricata Station, 1 (1/10 m., by 1/2) length, is 1.42%, Santa Ana White Shrike-catcher sp.

W&M (BELL, Dave (D.L.) 54) Club, 152 and 148 ft. jumps for 20.7 pts. Tiger Luke Memorial Bear

ALAN KAHN, *Pamphlet, new Boston Edge, 11-18.*

NEPHELE MOSC. Australia, near Juy Gandy, 5-2, 6-4, 2-3, 4-2, Florida W. Coast river & mangroves, 5, Peters Island, Fla.



HUNGARIAN ATHLETES get ready to leave New York aboard Greyhound SSsle Cruiser for six-week exhibition tour of the U.S. which will take them as far as the West Coast. One of three touring squads, this group includes Olympic fencers and gymnasts.



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Come All-America selection time there will be no passing over Yale's readheaded Johnny Lee, combined

STAR AND STUDENT

IVY League basketball is generally a cut below that of any major college conference in the country. Some feel this comes from a relatively casual attitude toward sports, but, more tangibly, it is the result of the absorption of Ivy students in the tougher academic programs which are enforced in their schools.

Yet the League occasionally produces basketball teams which can go with the fastest company. This year Harvard leads all 187 major colleges in team defense and Columbia ranks fourth in offense. There are also individuals who would be in the first five on any team in the country and would automatically attract All-America notices if they played at places like North Carolina and Kansas. They include deadends Chet Forte of Columbia, tough Defensesman Gene Booth of Dartmouth and Yale's red-haired, freckle-faced Johnny Lee (see cover).

Last year, as a sophomore, Lee set a new single-season League record in scoring (387), eclipsing performances of such college and, later, professional players as Ernie Beck, Bud Palmer and Tony Lavelli. So this season, in practically every game, he finds himself double-teamed or facing a sliding, over-shifted zone defense which keeps two men on him all the time. As he puts it, "There seems to be hands all around me. It's hard to move in any direction without charging."

One result of this obvious flattery is that Lee undoubtedly will come nowhere near his scoring mark of last season. Another, though, is that he is now a far more valuable member of his team. Any player on whom the opposing defense concentrates its attention is useful as a decoy. But in Lee's case that value is vastly increased because, unlike many other college stars (Rosen-Bluth of Carolina is one), he knows how to play basketball when he does not have personal possession of the ball. He's always moving—dribbling, faking, forcing opposing players to

commit themselves prematurely. When he does have the ball? "With two men on me," he says, "there has to be a man open somewhere. I look for him. I've been pretty lucky finding him so far." Typical example of this took place the other day in Yale's game with Connecticut, perennial Yankee



LEE SPECIALTY. jump shot from edge of foul circle, scores against Brown. Yale readhead hit on first six attempts in game.

Conference champion and recent winner of the Orange Bowl tournament. The last two baskets scored—they won the game for Yale—were made on passes from Lee.

Lee's biggest fault as a player is lack of real speed alone. This is partially obscured by his quick and sure hands. Many of his shots are sailing toward the basket before opposing players are aware he has committed himself. When he passes, he moves, on the instant. But his biggest asset is that indispensable—and indefinable—something called basketball savvy, which enables this lucky possessor to do many things instinctively in the heat of competition which others try, often vainly, to teach

themselves through practice. One of these is the ability to pace oneself—the innate ability that keeps a player like Lee from wasting physical energy in useless movement, or nervous energy in exasperating himself, during a game, for his own errors. Another is the split-second reflex enabling him to take advantage of an opponent's error before that opponent can recover.

Lee, a green-eyed, 6-foot 2½-inch 200-pounder, probably inherited this savvy. His father, a fine all-round athlete, came to this country as a member of the All-Ireland soccer team in 1918. Blood what he saw, and stayed. His mother swam in amateur competition around her native Boston and still teaches the sport in New York City's Abraham Lincoln High School. She planned a swimming career for her son, had him in the water before he was a year old. When Lee was in the fourth grade, he was already beating New York high school champions in his specialty, the butterfly stroke. But other sports (football, basketball) and hobbies (music, photography) soon crowded swimming out of the picture. At Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High School Lee played clarinet in the orchestra and basketball for four years. He made the high school All-American in his junior and senior years and was senior class president. Despite these and other extracurricular duties, he maintained a 98 average.

In his senior year at Erasmus, Lee received scholarship offers from 60 colleges—schools in every section of the country and of every degree of academic respectability. He narrowed the choice to 15, visited those campuses and came home to think. Though he'd already decided on a career in chemical engineering, that was not the deciding factor in his choice of Yale. Today he explains it this way, "I didn't want to be just another college athlete with nowhere to go after he graduated. . . . If I'd gone to some of those other schools, I'd have ended up with nothing to show for it but four years of basketball—and a 4-year-old convertible."

Lee's schedule at Yale, where he's an honor student, might well shock athletes at non-Ivy universities, most of whom are through with classes by noon, relax and do homework in the afternoon, practice either before or after dinner or both, and then have their nights off. Lee's classes and labs keep him busy right through until 4:30 practice time. (Last season, because of a heavy lab schedule, he missed practice for weeks at a stretch, though he

played in all games. He's able to start homework about 8, often hits the books on past midnight.

In his first year as Yale's basketball coach, after nine in the Big Ten, Joe Vancien has had to adapt to many new situations. ("Here everything is smaller—the field houses, the attendance, even the players.") In Johnny Lee, whose skill, field generalship and both-feet-on-the-ground sobriety would warm the heart of any coach, Vancien has found a player to help him through a first-season adjustment. Last week Vancien had this to say: "Johnny's not only a student of basketball, but a real student in school—exactly what he's supposed to be."

An alternating current of victory and defeat for favorites appears to be the persistent theme of conference play as races gather momentum around the country. In the Big Ten, Minnesota started the merry-go-round by beating preseason choice Illinois 81-84. Two nights later Illinois turned on defending champion Iowa 83-70, and Iowa then completed the circle by overwhelming Minnesota 89-66. Unforgettably no coincidence, all three games were won by the home team, as were nine of the first 13 Big Ten contests. Indiana and Northwestern also suffered first conference losses. Purdue, with former National Collegiate Golf Champion Joe Campbell leading a last-half surge, beat the Hoosiers 79-64. And Michigan, using only six men, upset Northwestern 64-63 despite Joe Ruklick's 27 points.

In the Big Seven, a Missouri team largely dependent on Sophomores Sonny Siebert and Bill Ross knocked Iowa State out of its national ranking (seventh) with seeming ease, 77-59. But State maintained the pattern by coming back later in the week to swamp Drake 97-71, with little (5 feet 9) Gary Thompson passing the 1,000-point mark in his career by hitting for 27. More pattern in the Missouri Valley: Wichita 69, St. Louis 64; St. Louis 84, Detroit 75.

Kansas (now 12-0) and North Carolina (14-0) continued as the major exceptions to the national in-and-out theme. And a new source of concern to future Kansas opponents (as if they didn't have enough worries) appeared when Wilt Chamberlain began showing results of practice aimed at correcting his weakness from the free-throw line. He hit on eight out of 10 in Kansas' 59-51 victory over Oklahoma. In a later game he kept his national scoring leadership by accounting for 30 of his



SHOW OF HANDS basketball fans ball during a busy State-Sanford game won by State 84-63. Haystack Hansen (12), Brent Lutz (14), Gabe (20), Alford (11), and Warrick (15).

team's 51 points (to Kansas State's 45). For Carolina, Len Rosenbloom continued hot and cold—but with 30 against Virginia, cold with 10 against William and Mary, hot again with 34 against Clemson. Carolina, of course, won all three and found itself alone on top of the Atlantic Coast Conference as Maryland (the home team, again) beat Duke 62-51. The Terrapins' Johnny Naelek took charge of this one by scoring 16 of his 17 points (high for the game) in the second half.

The unquestioned superiority of Southern Methodist (in conference play, that is, since they've lost to Kentucky) has put the Southwest race in the ho-hum stage after just two weeks of play. Last season SMU led the country in free-throw accuracy at 76.4%. In making TCU their latest victim, 79-61, the Mustangs hit at an 82% pace. Earlier they penetrated a tight Texas Aggie zone defense for a 62-53 victory. The only team with a reasonable chance of challenging SMU may be fast-improving Rice, 76-66 conquerors of Texas. After that game, pennies, paper and orange peeling showered down on the floor at Austin as home team partisans expressed their opinion of officials who had called 31 fouls against Texas to 13 against Rice. When the demonstration threatened to get out of hand, police were called in to escort the officials to safety. Longhorn supporters, however, got final release for their feelings the next day by hanging officials Be McAllister and Harry Covin in effigy from an

apartment house near the Texas campus. The effigy was dubbed "ref" and had one eye.

Wyoming, favored in the Skyline race, appears to be suffering an acute case of "sophomoreitis." They lost two out of three for the week to make it a three-way title fight among the Cowboys, Utah and Brigham Young.

California now has a 5-0 record in Pacific Coast Conference play. This alone would make the Bears the team to beat for the title. But they've also received unexpected help. The NCAA has refused to approve the FCC's lifting of penalties against Washington, UCLA and USC—which establishes California as a virtual clinch to represent the conference in the western regional playoffs. Earl Robinson and Larry Friend, as usual, were the big guns in California's two victories over Oregon and one over Stanford.

National Champion San Francisco lost its first California Association game (after 31 wins) to Santa Clara 51-47. More important, the Dons also lost senior Forward Carl Boldt. Coach Phil Woolpert suspended Boldt indefinitely for breaking training rules and said he did not expect to reinvite him for the remainder of the season. Boldt was a regular on the Russell-Jones team last year.

The week's individual accolade, finally, goes to Columbia's Chet Forte. This slight, 5-foot-9 sharpshooter beske Columbia's scoring record of 42, and a local gym record of 41, with 44 points as his team beat Rutgers 99-82. (★)

SNOW PATROL

compiled by Mark Lund

SPOT TO SKI: HEAVENLY VALLEY

Elevation 8,800 to 9,669 feet; snow depth 5 to 22 feet; yearly snowfall 490 inches; skiers last year 28,000; season Dec. 15 to April 15

Anyone who likes to do his skiing against a background of gorgeous western scenery, and his after-skiing in some of the country's most famous casinos, would do well to try Heavenly Valley, Calif., a 3-year-old resort spotted on state highway 50 just 1 mile from the Nevada state line. From each of the four major trails (Gardner, 1 mile, expert; Hogback, 1 mile, intermediate; Carlsberg, 2 miles, expert; Roundabout, 2 1/2 miles, advanced skier) running down from the top of the chair lift on Mountaineer Mountain, there is a really spectacular view of Lake Tahoe. The scenery is almost as good from the stacks of the combination restaurant and ski-rental



shop at the base of the area, and of course from the snail bar close to the top of the chair lift, 2,000 feet above the valley floor. Entertainment at the Nevada casino a short hour's drive away includes floor shows, dancing, gaming tables. Tip: Steve Erikson (above), former Olympic and world ski champion, now heads the Heavenly Valley ski school and is teaching the new Wedelin technique to intermediates as well as experts; there are plenty of good models along route 50 for overnight skiers.

SKIING COAST TO COAST

TD-top slopes, depth in inches; ED-bottom slopes, depth in inches; CR-ski crowd last weekend; SV-skiing of season last weekend

● FAR WEST

Heavenly Valley, Calif. Snow starts which broke over early. Far West opened all runs. From early next weekend to include beauty contest with season-80-own prize. TD 20-24, ED 10-20, CR 400, SN 15.

Squaw Valley, Calif. Two to three feet of powder hit mountains last weekend, snowed in. Season lift for first time. TD 40-50, ED 24-30, CR 500, SN 24-30.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. New snow expected to open all runs on mountain. Sugar Bowl championships here Jan. 18. TD 40-50, ED 30-35, CR 1,500, SN 24.

Yosemite, Calif. Runs 1, 2, 5 and Badger Hill skied last weekend. TD 30, ED 25, CR 3,000, SN 22.

Mt. Hood, Ore. Timberline skied, some stops on trails to Govt. Camp. TD 85, ED 80, GV. Camp TD 20, ED 20, CR 900. Skied on after snow. Ski Bowl opened, intermediate. Winter Carnival here Jan. 26-27.

Capitola, Wash. Wash. Thanksgiving good. Beaver Lake skied. TD 45, ED 35, CR 2,000, SN 12.

Sierra, Wash. All runs opened. TD 45-50, ED 35-40, CR 4,000, SN 10-20.

ML Baker, Wash. Sierra left powder big. Skied several runs, packed runs. TD 110, ED 100, CR 1,000, SN 14.

Other spots: White Pass, Wash. Schweitzer Cap Jan. 23, TD 40, ED 30, CR 900. Grosvenor Mt., B.C., all runs skied. TD 100, ED 70, CR 1,500, SN 30. Edelweiss, Calif. skied. TD 35, ED 25, CR 175, SN 20. Mt. Baldy, Calif. no skiing last weekend. Mt. Rainier, Wash. very good. TD 110, ED 90, CR 2,000, SN 10. Mt. Rainier, Calif. good. TD 35, ED 25. Mount St. Helens, Ore. good. TD 40, ED 30, CR 1,000, SN 15. Ross, Nev. all trails skied.

● MIDWEST

Reynolds Mt., Mich. Skied excellent. TD 15-18, ED 20-25, CR 500, SN 6.

Tony Peak, S. Dak. Conditions excellent. Skied Wednesday on Stewart Steps. TD 25-30, ED 20-25, CR 1,000, SN 4.

Mc Mt., Wyo. Best skiing on slopes. Trails fair. Night skiing on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Cabotville, Mich. All areas operating, skiing excellent. CUBSA reconnoiter, Jan. 27. TD 4-6, ED 4-8, CR 5,000, SN 3.

● WEST

San Valley, Idaho. Best skiing of the year last weekend. Hoser back-to-back showing up. Incomparable. Dad Werner took San Valley open downhill. Madi Springer-Miller took girls' event. Baker. TD 35, CR 2,500, SN 12.

Alta, Utah. Skier crowded on packed slopes. TD 32, ED 25, CR 800, SN 14.

Brighton, Utah. Skied excellent. TD 40, ED 35, CR 1,800, SN 15.

Sanita Pk. N. Mex. Skiers made skiing excellent. TD 30, ED 25, CR 900, SN 14.

Angus, Colo. Recent snow raised altitude danger but left skiing good. Wintered Colorado state Jan. 15. TD 40, CR 800, SN 24.

Other spots: Twin, N. Mex. TD 75, ED 45, CR 250, SN 22. Arapahoe Basin, Colo. excellent powder. TD 40, ED 40, CR 900, SN 25. Winter Park, Colo. TD 25, CR 2,600, SN 20.

● EAST

Sierra, Va. New Divs. Lord and Skinsport all good last weekend. Skier crowded. Steve Johnson of Alaska took state cross-country. TD 32, ED 20, CR 1,200, SN 4.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Skied good, some light spots on top. TD 35, ED 25, CR 800, SN 14.

Big Boulder, Vt. Yachter, Ridge trail and Elm Meadow skied last weekend. Ned Robinson was Senior Eastern downhill. Joe Jones was slalom. TD 7-20, CR 2,000, SN 10.

ML Snow, Vt. South Bell skied. TD 20-25, ED 15-20, CR 4,000, SN 8.

Snow Bowl, Vt. Dwyer skied. TD 3-25, ED 8-20, CR 2,000, SN 4.

Carson Mt., N.H. All lifts ran last weekend. TD 4-12, ED 4-10, CR 2,200, SN 20.

ML Cranmore, N.H. All lifts running. TD 20-25, ED 10-20, CR 5,000, SN 12.

Berkshire, N.H. Excellent skiing. Ed Beck skied after slalom four weeks ahead of Ed Woods. TD 25, ED 10, CR 1,800, SN 20.

ML Tremblant, Que. Good powder all weekend. Regner skied pairs parallel. TD 20-30, ED 10-20. Nations 3-25, CR 900, SN 5.

Schlosser, N.Y. All trails good. ED 14, CR 4,000, SN 8.

Other spots: Snow Ridge, N.Y. TD 15, ED 6, CR 1,800, SN 18. Intervale, N.H. skied. TD 11-20, ED 11-20, CR 800, SN 15. Thore Mt., N.H. TD 11-20, ED 11-20, CR 850, SN 15.

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR



SO—season opened (or opened); SC—season closed (or closed); C—close water; D—water dry or rilly; M—water muddy; N—water normal height; SD—slightly high; L—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rain; F—flood; WT50—water temperature 50°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OVG—outlook very good; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OY—outlook poor

BONAFIDE: Excellent. FF, but former President Herbert Hoover, a world-class angler with a high disdain for new-fangled spinning tackle, died in 8-pounds on 18-pound test in 20-minute swim. Mrs. Edward B. Mallory of New York City boated 9-pound 10-ounce on spinning gear at Manhattan.

BAHAMAS: Nipper, but severe, gleefully shares local guides, have so many fish thronged the flats at this season. Clams and crabs on Andros Island and Abaco report daily loads of 15 to 25 per skiff. OVG.

STEELHEAD: excellent. FG with Sandy River producing nice catches in 7-to-8-pound class. Coastal streams D but clearing and F. Westerns and Slats rivers providing two yields for north coast waters. Clasher runs apparently most appealing here. OG.

WASHINGTON: Delightful boater considerably reports FF, pairs even on falling MT, low in rivers. Best of western waters is Skagit, where occasional lunkers are being gaffed up-river from Mount Vernon to Hamilton. Hamilton duffer took 20- and 18-pounds on shrewy lunkers, brought hope for mouth of Cushman Creek, only in net-disappointment.

CALIFORNIA: Hands eagerly await reports of heavy run rascal which is opening mouths of bars on all coastal streams north of San Francisco. First decent run ought to appear this week. Chub Swis of Eureka landed 22 1/2-pound at Frenchie's Point on Eel for season's weightiest catch.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Fish are in and river conditions fine in most areas, but heavy snowfall has made some rugged to favorite spots, particularly northerly Vancouver Island. FG on Quinsay, Oyster, Puntledge, Little Qualicum, Nanaimo, Cowichan on island; Vedder and Chehalis on mainland. OVG.

IDAHO: Skies on move in Snake River with fish taken below Gateway Dam near Indian Cove by anglers using walibars. Dickard eggs doing well in marking in deep holes near Boise. Little Salmon continuing to produce on lure as weather warms. OF.

BLACK BASS: LUGHERMAN: FG on Calaveras. J. D. Casagney of Lake Charles pulled out 4-pound 1-ounce highmark for week's top prize. WISCONSIN: Yantala Lake yielding 5-pounds with plugs most tempting.

FLORIDA: Labeled as reports FF, G on deep rivers and plugs. Phosphate lake north of Lakeland furnishing strings of 10 to 14-pounds.

TEXAS: They're biting on minnow fished deep at Pecos-Kingdon and Lake Whitney. Ed Wilkie of Dallas cast out open, took in 10-pound 4-ounce yearling at Lake Tawana's Goodpuppy Point.

MINNESOTA: Mild weather brought fishermen out with spinners P.G. Ed Haas of Bristol, Vt., met 6-pound minnowhead at Friendship Dock, South Hudson Lake.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Instructive openings showing in Eastwood, Orma Island as hardy fish put their heads to sea. Obstruction Pass resort on Orma, Hawley's on Lacey Island, and Fisherman's Cove on Gossamer Point open weekends in anything the reasonable weather for cast boats. Bismarck is one opening to 20 pounds and prime bait in small whole herring or cut spiner.

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● MOTOR SPORTS

by PHILIP PAYNE

Fangio's most talented competitors jousted with him in Argentina, but when the results were in it was

THAT MAN AGAIN

BUENOS AIRES

DON'T drivers mind racing on the 13th? a reporter asked Britain's Stirling Moss last week.

"Here's one that does," answered Moss.

Jan. 13 was indeed a shattering day for the Briton despite his Maserati team's crushing victory over rival Ferrari. For Argentina's Jean Manuel Fangio, though, the day marked an easy triumph and eight points toward his fifth world's championship.

Quiet Fangio and the roaring Maseratis, naturally enough, were pre-race favorites this year in the fifth annual Argentine Grand Prix. "To me," said Moss, "he's the greatest driver there has ever been."

"Fangio has everything," said Italy's Cesare Perdisa.

Snapped another driver: "Rules here are always interpreted so that Fangio will win if possible."

Argentine officials do seem hesitant to annoy the champ, and there is usually an understanding among his teammates that they won't try too hard to beat the old master on his home ground even if they could. Fangio assured the understanding this time by promising to drive for Maserati in Europe this year if he won the race.

Wealthy Fangio, who shrewdly pyramided his racing winnings during the Peron era into a lucrative garage and sales agency (Mercedes-Benz and General Motors), didn't really need the money, but he needed the victory. His business, like many which thrived under Peron, is under government control. So far the government has continued to let him run things, build a new garage and showroom and acquire the Vauxh motor scooter agency. But he is still awaiting a decision on the possible confiscation of his assets and needs favorable publicity.

Victory might also help him toward Indianapolis which he has called "the only race I want to win. . . . If I don't race in Indianapolis in 1967 I never

will, because after that I will be too old," says Fangio who will be 46 on June 24.

In addition to victory-hungry Fangio, Maserati had France's reliable Jean Behra and Argentine Polo Ace Carlos Menditeguy—a tough team to beat even though Ferrari's roster was longer and almost as brilliant. Ferrari had, among others, Peter Collins and Mike Hawthorn of Britain, Luigi Musso, Eugenio Castellotti and Perdisa of Italy.

Both stables were racing the same Formula 1 cars as last year—V-8 Ferraris and straight-6 Maseratis—with only minor changes.

After days of broiling weather, Saturday turned cold and rainy, forcing drivers to rush through time trials. Moss won the pole with a sparkling lap of one minute 42.6 seconds, just one-tenth of a second behind Fangio's

RESULTS AT BUENOS AIRES

DRIVER	CAR	LAPS
1) Fangio (Arg.)	Maserati	100
2) Behra (Fr.)	Maserati	100
3) Menditeguy (Arg.)	Maserati	99
4) Schell (U.S.)	Maserati	88
5) De Portago (Sp.)	Ferrari	88
Fastest lap: Moss, Maserati, 1:44.7		

1955 record. Fangio, Behra and Castellotti completed the front row.

Sunday was cool and bright with a brisk breeze herding fluffy clouds past the concrete grandstands of the municipal autodrome where some 75,000 people had flocked to see the beautiful harnesses, all painted fire-engine red this year, chase each other clockwise for three hours around the dipping, twisting 2.48-mile track.

Most of the former track officials



ARGENTINE racetracks, part of a complex road network which can provide 38 different circuits, unless high-speed straights and bends with tricky hairpins, twists, slow corners.

have been fired for political reasons, and the new ones were willing but inept. Moss's first thrust on the throttle in the ragged start snapped part of the linkage. He rolled into the pits after one lap, bent double in the cockpit and accelerating by hand. Mechanics worked frantically for over 12 minutes to replace the linkage while Moss glumly watched the field lap him eight times. Then he resumed the race without enthusiasm.

Behra, the indomitable little Frenchman with the artificial ear, led for three laps. Then Castelletti took the lead briefly, to be succeeded by Collins while Hawthorn and Musso moved up. On the 28th lap Collins dropped out with a burned-out clutch, an old Ferrari failing. Fangio, who had been letting Ferrari set the pace, grabbed the lead and held it until the 79th lap, skimming around alert and impassive in his usual cream-smooth style, not extending himself.

On the 31st lap Musso dropped out, followed four laps later by Hawthorn, both with burned-out clutches.

The effervescent Perdisa was losing ground with an oil leak but had to be flagged down three times before he would stop. Perdisa reluctantly handed over to Collins, who bared steadily ahead for 36 laps and then voluntarily passed to young Graf von Trips. "He needed experience," said Collins, who is a good team driver. "It was terribly kind of him," said von Trips.

Just Froilan Gossales, the formerly successful, but of late inactive, Argentine, stopped his Ferrari shortly before the 40th lap complaining of clutch trouble and a nervous reaction from a shot of novamine taken just before the race to ease a painful shoulder muscle. The poker-faced Marquis De Portago finished for him.

Everybody watched the faltering

Ferrari expectantly, and halfway through the 76th lap Castelletti provided the day's only spectacular accident. His left rear-wheel spindle snapped, the wheel sailed up and fell among the railbirds, and the car plowed off into the grass. Shaken but unharmed, the handsome, aloof Castelletti went gloomily to the pits.

With Moss so far behind, Fangio started a lighthearted game of tag with Behra, slowing and gunning unobtrusively, so that these two traded the lead position eight times between the 79th and 88th laps. On the 88th lap Fangio made his only pit stop—five seconds for cleaning his goggles and rinsing his mouth—and then he was off again, leading all the way to an undisturbed 160-lap victory.

Fangio's average speed of 86.632 mph broke the record of 78.389 mph he set last year, and Maserati scored a stunning sweep as Behra finished right behind Fangio with Menditeguy third and the American Harry Schell fourth. Ferrari limped home fifth (De Portago) and sixth (von Trips). Moss, despite his bad luck, was eighth.

"Toward the end I tried as hard as I could," said Moss, who turned the fastest lap (1:44.7).

"Everything went on rails," said Fangio. "My most serious rival was Moss, and when I saw he had to stop, my outlook cleared up notably."

So it is Maserati for The Master this year. And what about retirement? "Yes, of course, I'll retire," said Fangio. "When? Who knows?" (ENR)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Photo: Collins, 21; Ray Stevens, 11-12; publicity photos: World, 23, 27; magazine, 28; 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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Quoth the Raven... Ha, Ha, Ha!

Victim of a legend dreary, Poe's black bird, of insults weary, gives the lie to Edgar's lore: he never, but never, has been heard to say anything resembling: "Nevermore!"

WHILE IS it that people are always going around maligning birds? Poets, proverb coiners, phrasemakers and a lot of other word slingers knock themselves out trying to think up some nasty connotation to hang onto some innocent member of the feathered community. Famed birds, wild birds, beautiful birds—any kind of birds—are apt to get a bad reputation in this manner. The man who coined the phrase "silly goose" ought to be shot. A goose is anything but silly; it is, in fact, a noble bird.

It is popular nowadays when a person displays a lack of determination in a risky situation for other individuals to holler out, "Chicken!" This is ridiculous. A common, barnyard rooster will fight like a fiend, and there is no braver thing than a gamecock which will battle to the death. I've seen a grown man run from a sitting hen.

There are hundreds of such cases that could be cited. How about "dead duck"? Why, please tell me, is a dead duck deadlier than anything else that is dead? Why make somebody "eat crow"? Why not make him eat western pack rat or Florida tree snail? And that brings me to one of the worst examples of bird-badgering in history, the time that Edgar Allan Poe sat down (I assume he sat) and wrote that poem about a relative of the crow, *The Raven*. Ever since that spectral specimen of *Corvus corax* perched over the old chamber door, while Poe was suffering from insomnia inside, the whole species has had a jinx on it.

To this day honest, decent people who wouldn't hurt a fly get hate jitters over ravens. If you go up to a man, look him in the eye and say, "Raven?" the betting is 8 to 5 that he will roll his eyes and say, "Nevermore!"

Poe called the raven "ghastly, grim and ancient." Then he said it was an "ominous bird of yore" and insisted that it hailed from some "Plutonian shore." At times he was trying to decide whether it was "bird or devil," and then he'd get mixed up over whether it was "bird or fiend." No wonder the raven likes to take itself off away from the haunts of man. Man, because of Poe, thinks ill of the raven, so the raven has its fun elsewhere.

Now for the truth. The raven is a gay bird—playful, fun-loving and at times downright flippant. It is plain that Poe never saw a bunch of ravens at play. Well, I have. To watch ravens doing aerial acrobatics over the high peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains down in Tennessee and North Carolina is more fun than a barrel of monkey-faced ovals.

The raven is the largest member of the Corvidae, a family including crows, jays and crows. Unlike the crow, which usually flies straight, as though late for an appointment, the raven soars and swoops, glides and dives, caroms and

cavorts. Sometimes one will fold its wings and drop a couple of hundred feet just for the happy thrill of it. Some observers have seen them playing tag in a windstorm. When courting, their antics are even more carefree, the birds playing touch-wing and tickle-feather in mid-air.

These are not the antics of a bird of ill omen. They are jolly raves games, and you don't find an ominous specter out playing games. Furthermore, scientists rank the raven high in the bird line. A noted ornithologist told me just the other day that ravens in the wild can count up to seven. No other bird is known to reach that. A crow can make it to six, and a pigeon can hit five, and six once in a while, but the raven, he said, has it over them all when it comes to totaling up the score.

And what is Sam Hill would a bird that can count up to seven be doing sitting on an old piece of sculpture saying nothing but "Nevermore"? Ravens have been known to say plenty more than that, and you don't have to split their tongues to make them do it.

Ravens inhabit North America, Europe and northern and central Asia. Some northern subspecies attain a wingspread of four feet. They'll reside in the most outlandish places, as long as no people are around—deserts, tundras and mountains. They prefer to nest on rocky crags but are also found at home in trees.

And another thing—ravens generally remain mated for life, and a bird that goes steady is not apt to sneak around tapping on other people's dozes in the dead of night. They lay four or five eggs, sometimes as many as seven, and are attentive to their young, keeping them in the nest for four or five weeks; obviously a gay yet faithful, home-loving bird. Their feeding habits are not too fastidious, but how about some of the things that people eat? And yet everybody goes around putting the whammy on the raven just because some old poet had a fit of the blues. What a thing!

There are villages in the far north where people don't molest ravens, and have never read Poe's poem. Here the bird, adaptable and friendly if given the chance, does an about-face. It goes into town, steals the local cats, steals bones from dogs and generally has itself some urban fun.

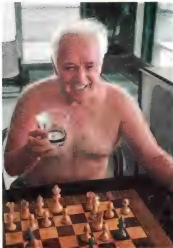
Once I was in a village in northern Canada and, as I was walking along with a friend of mine, we came upon a big, handsome raven. It was fooling around on the eaves of a house. Maybe it was a pet. It wasn't over the door but was just above a window, tapping at something with its bill. We were watching the bird when my friend turned with a gleam of look and, in a hollow voice, said, "Nevermore!"

I could have socked him.

—JOHN O'DRILEY



THE COMMODORE OF BIMINI



SUBBLING AND BEAMING, BERT LYON TOASTS CHESS MOVE

On a paradise island in the Bahamas, U.S. industrialist G. Albert Lyon enjoys his own formula for success: work hard, play hard—and share the fun with friends

by REGINALD WELLS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN C. SIMMONDS



FROM THE ROOFTOP OF THE THREE-STORY SOUTH

AS FAR AS the eye can see, a white beach curves like a shimmering scimitar, cutting a path between land and sea. Offshore, riding gently on the flat-calm, gin-clear water, a cruiser line waiting, rigged and ready for the call to the Gulf Stream and the business of battling marlin and tuna. Above the quiet beach an azure pool basks in the tropic sun, and paved walks wander between palms and bougainvilleas on the dunes. This is Paradise Point, on the island of Bimini, where a man tanned to the color of leather and alive with the energy that built a place most men can only dream of sits at a chessboard and raises his glass in a toast to a life that is extraordinarily good.

George Albert Lyon, the inventor of early automobile



AMERICAN MODERN STYLE MAIN HOUSE. SPORTSMAN LYON LOOKS DOWN ON THE BREATHTAKING VIEW OF HIS DOMAIN

humpers, big-game fisherman, skin-diver, aeronaut, chess player and one of the best men with a slingshot who ever drew a bead, is known as "The Commodore" on Bimini, as admired by his many guests as he is beloved by the natives. Now 75, he is, without doubt, one of the nation's most remarkable sportsmen. He is also, according to his friends (who include some of the country's most prominent men of government and business), a remarkable host. To be entertained at Paradise Point, which he built on Bimini several years ago, is an unforgettable experience—and until you get used to it, an exhausting one. For keeping up with the Commodore as he tears through a normal day is a sporting marathon that few city-bred constitutions are able to take.

Guests find a typical day can begin in the predawn darkness with the Commodore rousing the house to come look at a favorite star through his telescope on the roof. A swim in the pool or sea may follow, and after breakfast the day really gets under way. The morning may be taken up with deep sea fishing for giant tuna or blue marlin; or a skin-diving expedition, led by the Commodore, to the wrecks around the reef and an hour of water skiing; and always a continuous chess game aboard either of the two fishing cruisers which act as floating bases for the day's sports.

After a lunch abound of cold cuts and beer the party puts back to the main house, transfers to skiffs and goes

continued



GRACEFULLY THE COMMSOORE ZIPS AROUND A CORNER ON HIS FAVORITE WHEELS, FOLLOWED BY ELIZABETH JOHNSON

COMMODORE OF BIMINI

continued from page 21

benefishing on the flats. The Commodore, a powerhouse of energy at all times, is even more driven in the matter of basefishing. Some years ago a golfer named Samory Svend dropped a line off Paradise Point and within 10 minutes hooked a record-breaking 15-pound basefish. The biggest the Commodore has ever caught is 35 years of basefishing is 11 pounds.

Should basefishing be slow, guests can spend the rest of the afternoon harpooning sharks from a skiff. By the time evening cocktails are served on a pine-needle-covered patio overlooking the pounding surf, the uninitiated guest might think that the moment for relaxation has at last arrived. Not so. With the drinks comes a trayful of slingshots, bags of steel balls for ammunition and an introduction to another of the Commodore's sports—picking off crabs from the rocks below.

Dinner is usually a sumptuous but-tered affair served to perfection on the west terrace. Things do relax a bit at this point; or at least they take a sedentary turn. In the evening the Commodore likes to take on all comers at chess (playing two games at a time) or show some of his incredibly beautiful underwater films (photographed by Ralph Bosden, the manager of Paradise Point). For those who are willing to try it, however, he is perfectly prepared to stage a midnight roller-skating jambooree around the second-floor balcony. Skates and boots to fit all sizes, male and female, are, like the slingshots, a permanent part of the Commodore's sporting equipment.

Because of his diverse and sometimes decidedly extraordinary sporting activities, Bert Lyon is at times mistaken for an eccentric. "The fact is," says Van Campen Heller, a longtime friend of the Commodore and an author and sportsman in his own right, "Bert has a phenomenal lust for living and the guts to do what he enjoys doing—regardless of what anybody else thinks. He has a guckish sense of humor. He is an outrageous practical joker and will try anything once. For instance—he was 69 when he decided to take up skiing. First, he studied all the movies he could find on the European champions. Then he had himself pulled on skis all over the estate, sliding on the pine needles. When he thought he was ready he went up to Michigan, broke his leg the first time out and was flown back to Bimini in a cast."

Today Bert Lyon is chairman of the

board of Lyon, Inc., largest user of stainless steel in the world (over 30 million pounds in 1966). Among other things, his company manufactures wheel covers for the entire automobile industry, equipping between 4 and 5 million vehicles annually. Several times he has retired for good, only to be seized with another idea that brings him back into business bigger than ever.

His discovery of the seven-mile-long, 300-yard-wide island of Bimini was made in 1923 in the company of his friends Harry Stelwagen of Philadelphia and Sam Adams, the joke maker of Ashbury Park, New Jersey. Van Campen Heller had a fishing camp on the



IN WORKSHOP. tinkered with the wheel covers he makes, Commodore tries out ideas.

island in those days, and the four would fish there every year.

When he first went to Bimini, Bert Lyon had just perfected his automobile bumper and was playing around with many more ideas. He found the primitive island's atmosphere exotic, and he particularly liked to sit for hours on a rock at Paradise Point (then British Crown land) working out the problems of his inventions. It was his dream to one day own this piece of land and build there a perfect, self-sufficient private world in which to work and relax.

As his inventions succeeded, his dream grew in proportion. He devel-

oped a metal tire cover for spare wheels; produced plastic and metal white walls; stainless wheel-trim rings (100,000 a day); and the stainless steel wheel cover. And finally he did acquire the Paradise Point land and built there in 1933 his first Bimini house, the Casa de Lyon. There were few trees on the island then, so he planted thousands of Australian pines and coconut palms.

Concerned about the lack of medical facilities on the island, the Commodore tried to build a hospital. When this bogged down in red tape he started out on a clean-up campaign, enticing the natives to his movies on hygiene with free ice cream.

The Commodore's coming has also greatly stimulated the island's economy. He gives generously to many Bahamian charities. Through him, more and more fishermen have been introduced to Bimini waters, bringing with them jobs and money for the natives. With his son George A. Lyon Jr. he sponsored the Bimini honor Yama Bahama and is largely responsible for his ring success. In recognition of his work for Bimini the Queen has made Bert Lyon an honorary Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

But as more and more of his friends and associates came to Bimini to share the Commodore's fun, it became obvious that Casa de Lyon was too small. To the utter disbelief of many of his friends he embarked in 1951 on the final phase of his lifetime dream—the building of a million-dollar work and relaxation plant.

Today it rises up out of the rock of Paradise Point, a three-story reinforced concrete edifice of South American modern design. Surrounding the main building, which has five bedrooms, an elevator and a suite on the third floor, are 3,400 acres of privately owned land, including three and a half miles of beach.

In a completely equipped machine shop and laboratory nearby, the Commodore continues to work and carry on experiments, flying his Detroit engineers down to Bimini in a Grumman Mallard plane for consultation.

As it now stands, Paradise Point has its own power plant, telephone system, laundry, a million-gallon water catchment and a staff of 30. Come hurricane, high water or drought, this unique establishment is equipped to survive.

"The place is so popular, in fact," the Commodore's son George, who is president of the company, said recently, "that we may have to turn it into a private club to take care of all the guests who want to come." (C&E)



A New Irish Hero Goes Home

And Sports Illustrated, searching its staff, finds a County Clare man (unrecruited) to go along to Dublin with Ron Delany and share with its readers all the grand affairs welcoming the Olympic winner

by GERALD HOLLAND

RONALD MICHAEL DELANY, the 21-year-old Villanova University commerce and finance student who beat the best milers in the world in the Olympic 1,500 meters, flew home to Ireland for the Christmas holidays, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* sent me along to see what kind of a hero's welcome the old country would give him.

I told Jim Cahill, the TWA man, as we stood waiting at the check-in counter at Idlewild Airport in New York, that I had never met Ronnie, and Cahill said he hadn't either. But then we both recognized him from his pictures as he came hurrying through the crowd. Wearing a duffel coat and carrying a tweed topcoat, he looked very tall and very thin and very Irish with his black, tousled hair and his high color and his blue eyes and his sharply angular face that became actually handsome when he smiled. And he was smiling in a minute at the girl who had just told him there would be a charge for overweight.

"Ah," laughed Ronnie softly, "a nice girl like you wouldn't be charging me, now would you, for a little overweight when I've flown all around the world with TWA?"

THE DELANYS AT HOME from left to right: Patrick A. Delany, sons Joe and Ronnie, daughter Collette, Miss Delany and son Paddy. On the mantel are a few of Ron's trophies that fill the living room of the Delanys' brick house at 31 St. John's Road in Sandymount, a suburb of Dublin.

It didn't work (although the girl couldn't help smiling), and as Ronnie reached for his wallet, Jim Cahill moved over and introduced himself and then said, "Did you know there's a writer going with you?"

"Ah, yea," said Ronnie, making a face. "Jumbo Elliott [his coach at Villanova] told me, and isn't it a nuisance? I'm that wary of pressmen."

Jim Cahill leaned over and whispered, "He's right behind you."

"Oh, oh," exclaimed Ronnie, drawing his coat collar up in embarrassment. Then he turned quickly around with his winning smile and put out his hand.

"I'm very glad to meet you," he said, "and I'm just sorry I'm the cause of taking you away from home at Christmas time."

I waited until we were well out over the sea to tell Ronnie that I had no intention of interviewing him in a pressman's usual way, but was simply going along to observe the celebration. Then, in an offhand way, I confided that I myself was the son of a County Clare man.

Soon we were talking away at a great rate (I was getting more Irish by the minute), and Ronnie was reaching up to the luggage rack and taking down a toy kangaroo he had brought from Australia for his girl friend and childhood sweetheart, Elizabeth MacArthur. Before we knew it, we were over Shannon Airport, 2½ hours ahead of

schedule, thanks to a solid tailwind.

"That's too bad altogether," said Ronnie. "If we were on schedule I'd expect my father to meet me. But at half 3 in the morning, nobody will be here. I suggest we go to a hotel in Limerick and sleep a few hours."

A few minutes later an astounded Ronnie Delany found himself in the midst of a wildly cheering crowd of several hundred that included not only his father but his mother and his brothers Joe and Paddy and his sister Collette, and pretty Elizabeth MacArthur herself. There were a dozen pressmen from the Dublin newspapers and photographers and a rather tense press conference (Sample question: "Will you continue to run?" Sample answer: "Well, I'm 21 years old. What do you want me to do—retire?"). Lord Killanin, the president of the Irish Olympic Council, was there and Captain Theo Ryan, the president of the Crusaders, Ronnie's athletic club, and stocky, gray-haired Billy Morton, Dublin's promoter of amateur track events and the man who first proposed that Ronnie try running the mile.

Thus began a day that was one happy blur, with a breakfast at Hotel Glentworth in Limerick, an official reception by the mayor of Limerick at the Town Hall, and then the triumphal motorcade from Limerick to Dublin, with scheduled stops for official welcoming ceremonies and quite a few

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PHOTO BY SHARON CORNELL. BOYS FROM DUBLIN: THE TERRIBLE BAND OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERS DE LA SALLE SCHOOL IS HAPPILY

Ron Delany

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unscheduled stops like the poignantly vivid one pictured above.

This was 64 miles from Dublin. On a hillside, around a turning in the road, stood a line of boys, 10 to 12 perhaps, the tin-whistle band of De La Salle School of the Christian Brothers. One of the young Brothers was acting as conductor of the band (which had drama as well), and it was clear when

Ronnie's motorcade came down the road that the best that was hoped for was maybe a slowing down of the parade and a wave of the hand from the Olympic hero. But when Ronnie took in the scene before him, he asked the driver of the Mercedes sports car in which he was riding to stop. Then he hopped out and ran toward the boys.

The boys, and the Brother too, were stunned and awestricken. Then the Brother, beside himself with excitement, cried, "Play, boys!" and, jump-

ing up and down, he led them—solemn as little owls—in the old patriotic air, *A Nation Ours Again*, which goes:

*When England's warriors were at heel,
I roared of ancient battles,
The glories and the glory, I bravely led.
Those hundred men and three more;
And then I prayed I got much more,
The gallant and the valiant—
And Ireland, long a prisoner, be
A Nation ours again!*

As the tin whistles and drums finished, the Brother whirled on Ronnie.



STUNNED AS RONNIE DELANEY JUMPS FROM HIS CAR TO MAKE AN UNSCHEDULED STOP AND LETS THE BOYS SEE HIS OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL

now standing beside him, and, mad with excitement, implored: "Ronnie, d'you have the gold medal?"

Ronnie dived a hand under his coat and brought out the Olympic medal, and the boys, unfreezing at last, crowded around him for a look.

"D'you see," cried the Brother, "d'you see the gold medal, boys! All right then, let's have a cheer! Hip, hip!"

The boys cheered lustily, and Ronnie shook hands with as many as he could and then ran back to his car, the

Brother racing after him, his camlock flying, shouting with all the fervor that was left in him:

"Ah, you're very good and kind, Ronnie! You're very good and kind!"

Enthusiasm ran high all along the winding road to Dublin. Children predominated in the crowds of the towns and villages. There were bands in some and banners in others ("Kildare Welcomes Ronnie" was one), and in between towns men ran from the fields and lasses screeched to a stop as their

drivers waved and cheered. At Nerragh there was a full stop while Ronnie and his mother and father went into O'Meara's Hotel to greet the mother of Bob Tindall, who won Ireland's last gold medal in the 1932 Olympics.

In the town of Naas there was a stop for lunch at Lawlor's Hotel. A long table had been set in the dining room for the official party, and the proprietor was wearing tails for the occasion. I was

seated across from Billy Morton, and
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FACES OF IRELAND, the rapt villagers above and the worshipful tin whistles below, reflect the pride of the old country in its first Olympic gold-medal champion since 1902.



LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, Robert Briscoe, at microphone, pays the capital city's tribute to a heroing Ronnie Delany as the climax of triumphant parade from Limerick.



Ron Delany

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I asked him who it was who had been blowing a whistle whenever the party tarried too long on the road. In reply, Billy reached into his vest pocket and pulled out a referee's whistle (see page 64) which he said he carried with him at all times to deal with just such emergencies.

What, I asked Billy, had been the reaction in Dublin when the first news came of Ronnie's victory in the 1,500.

"Naturally, the city went wild," said Billy, whose speech is reminiscent of Barry Fitzgerald, "but to those who knew Ronnie's abilities well, it was nothing that was actually unexpected. Ronnie did a 4:06.8 mile, breaking the Irish record the first time he had ever tried it. He won it as he liked, with no trouble at all, and, mind you, it was on the grass at College Park. Now at Melbourne, Ronnie was 16 months older and that much stronger. It stood to reason."

Billy shoved a mouthful of potatoes and peas onto the back of his fork and went on: "There are three things about Ronnie. One, he was born with natural ability. Two, he is able to listen and learn. Three, he has great competitive spirit. All this, plus plenty of good common sense."

Billy chuckled.

"Get him to tell you," he said, "how he ran me out of the house when I first proposed that he have a go at the mile."

As we were eating, Mr. Thomas Dowling, chairman of the Naas Urban District Council, leaned over Billy Morton's shoulder and showed him a scroll he intended to present to Ronnie a little later. He said it had been composed and printed in the preceding two hours.

"Two hours?" exclaimed Billy Morton admiringly, holding the scroll up for my inspection. "What do you say to that, Yank? Could they beat that on *TIME* magazine?"

"I don't know," said I, "but we could beat it on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*."

Billy realized he had identified me with the wrong magazine, but he covered his tracks quickly.

"Oh," he said, "I was assuming that, I was assuming that!"

Over the tea and coffee, Mr. Dowling arose and presented the scroll to Ronnie, who responded briefly with just the barest hint that this was the grandest occasion of all. As final cigars were lighted, Captain Theo Ryan leaned over Billy Morton's shoulder and confided that, as director of the

'NIELSEN GAVE ME THE BECK'

IN AN INTERVIEW with Philip Green, of Radio Eirvana in Dublin, Ronnie Delany told the inside story of the 1,500-meter final at Melbourne as it had never been told before. Green began by asking Ronnie:

"Now then, Ronnie. What position did you take at the start?"

"I was on the outside at the start and I was glad I had that position, for I didn't run into the trouble that I would have run into if I had an inside lane position. So I ran down the straightaway in about No. 8 position and it was a very comfortable position because no one was making a break at that early stage, and the whole field was bunched together in about 10 yards.

"In the second lap, the positions were somewhat the same, except that I didn't lose any ground, but a few men moved up from about ninth, 10th, 11th and 12th into closer position which put me into 11th position, but actually I had lost no ground on the leading runner so I wasn't worried. Now the second lap went about the same pace as the first, and I did notice a definite change in the pace when Murray Halberg had the pace taken away from him by the Australian boy, Merv Lincoln. He came over at the end of the second lap, and he took the pace from Halberg. He picked it up considerably and the whole field sort of moved with him, and then Halberg was in about third. I think he was straining badly even at that stage but we moved on that third quarter, and when we hit the bell the whole field had come as a group and bunched into a six-yard space, which was just fantastic. Twelve men all running together within 6 yards. I was in, I'd say, about ninth or 10th position at this time. I had an inside position which wasn't too good, but my coach at school, Jumbo Elliott, always told me when in a box to just relax. So I relaxed, and next minute I saw Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark look back at me and he gave me the beck to move inside him."

Phil Green looked startled. This was new to him and everyone else in the studio.

"This fellow Nielsen is the man who ran against you when you broke the four-minute mile?"

"Yes, Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark."

"Yet he gave you the beck, he motioned for you to pass him?"

"He gave me the beck to move inside him, for which I thanked him from the bottom of my heart."

"He felt he was gone, of course?"

"He felt he had no chance at that stage."

"But he could have shut you out?"

"He could assist me or he could shut me out, as you say. Instead, he let me run inside him, and I took this very nice opportunity and moved inside him. Then I had a gap to move out on. This was at the 300-yard stage with Hewson now taking over the lead from Lincoln. I moved outside then, and we were in the back straight so I was losing no ground on the outside here because each man had to run the same length of the straight. I decided I would move up slowly and hit the bunch at 150 yards from home. I think I had planned this all along, before the Olympics. So I moved up slowly, still feeling very good. Landy was ahead of me slightly and he was really moving. He was working, you know. I got by Landy pretty easy, and that put me in 4th position—about 180 yards to go. When I saw Hewson in front of me I said to myself, 'Gosh, this is Brian Hewson—this is the guy that beat me at Lansdowne Road last summer'—and I think I remember saying, 'There's not going to be a repeat of Lansdowne Road.' [Ronnie was beaten decisively by Hewson at Lansdowne Road.] So I really put the foot down, as we say at home here, and I found that I was surging to the front with very little difficulty. I hit the front, and I knew I was going away from them at 50 yards from the tape. I realized I had the race won, and I sort of remember breaking out into a big smile, and when I went through the tape I was so delighted I threw my arms out in the air. I never felt so happy in all my life."

motorcade, he was planning to arrive at the Mansion of the Lord Mayor of Dublin at 8:30.

"I think that's a mistake, Theo," said Billy Morton. "Four p.m. would be more like it as far as getting the crowds gone."

"The Lord Mayor is expecting us at half 8," said Captain Ryan. "I talked to his secretary."

"Well, now," said Billy Morton, who had no official status in the motorcade, "I'm not thinking of the Lord Mayor or the Lord Mayor's secretary. My concern is for the man in the street. If I had the say, Theo, when we reach the outskirts of Dublin, I'd give the order, 'Proceed at a snail's pace!'"

Captain Ryan rubbed his chin and then said, "We'll make it half 8, Billy."

"Will you compromise, Theo," demanded Billy desperately, "will you compromise on quarter to 4?"

Captain Ryan shook his head and

moved away. Just as everyone was rising from the chairs, an elderly man wearing a mustache and an overcoat, and having no connection with the official party, arose from one of the side tables and began to speak in loud and ringing tones. Everybody sat down again.

The unscheduled speaker, it soon became plain, was not admiring Ronnie Delany, but a local hero of legend, "the immortal Steve Conniff, who held every Irish record from one mile to 10." As he went on and on he made it clear that, in his opinion, no man—past, present or future, and present company included—could have beaten Conniff in his prime. (I found this to be a common occurrence all during Ronnie's stay. With a little stimulation, patrons in the pubs would recall somebody out of the past who could beat Delany. With a little more stimulation, they were ready to take him on themselves,

given "a week to train and proper shoes.")

At last, with Billy Morton blowing his whistle to clear the way, the official party reached the cars, and the motorcade resumed its journey. There were no further stops scheduled until Dublin itself, but people continued to shout and wave along the roadside. Finally, Dublin's city limits were reached and cyclists by the score arrived in alongside Ronnie's car and little boys and girls ran alongside and a pretty colleen climbed upon the rear bumper and rode resolutely and unsmilingly along like Joan of Arc going into battle. "Terrific show, Ron!" the people cried on every side, and Ronnie, when he wasn't signing autographs, waved and smiled to them. When the car pulled up in front of the Lord Mayor's Mansion the crowd swept over the lawn, and the police, in the good-humored way of

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Ron Delany

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Dublin guards, cleared a path for Ronnie, who raced up the steps to shake the outstretched hand of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Robert Briscoe.

"It is my great privilege," said the Lord Mayor when the crowd had quieted down, "to be in office when a Dublin citizen has brought as much credit not only to Dublin but to Ireland by his wonderful accomplishment. It gives me the greatest of pleasure, Ronnie Delany, to extend to you the warmest congratulations of all our citizens."

He stepped away from the microphone, and Ronnie took it over.

"My Lord Mayor," he said loudly, as though he were accustomed to speaking from the steps of the Lord Mayor's Mansion every day of the week, "ladies and gentlemen, young boys and young girls. Thank you for this wonderful reception. I thought I might have created a bit of a stir, but I never expected anything like this. I sincerely hope that in the future I will be able to bring further honors to Dublin and to Ireland."

The Grand Reception

Then everybody went into the Lord Mayor's Mansion for a reception. It was a grand affair, with drinks for everyone's taste. Ronnie's father, Patrick A. Delany, who is a customs official, stood chatting with the Lord Mayor and Lord Killarin and other notables and Ronnie himself sat on a sofa talking to Eamon Kinsella, the hurdler of the Irish Olympic team.

A little later when Ronnie was talking to another group, a Dublin pressman came up and asked him who the man (Kinsella) on the sofa was. Ronnie looked at him incredulously. "Well," he said, the color going out of his face as it does when he is annoyed, "if you, as a Dublin pressman, don't know who he is, then I'm not going to tell you." And he turned away.

But, altogether, it was a day that no small irritation could spoil. The next morning, refreshed by 10 hours sleep, Ronnie drove in his hired car from his home, a brick house in a row of identical houses on St. John's Road in Sandymount, a suburb of Dublin, to the General Post Office on O'Connell Street. There, in the studios of Radio Eirann, he sat down with Philip Green, the sports broadcaster, and told the story of his victory in the 1,500 meters at Melbourne (see box page 64) as it had never been told all the long way home.

That afternoon I visited Ronnie at home, and his mother served tea and



RONNIE AND HIS GIRL, Elsiebeth MacArthur, wait out from his suburban Dublin home for a stroll in the misty rain. The two have been friends since their childhood.

biscuits and buttered bread in the parlor with his fireplace and piano and comfortable furniture and Ronnie's trophies everywhere. Ronnie's father brought out some of the letters he had received after Ronnie's victory, and among the letters was one from Eamon de Valera, the former head of the Irish government, who lives not far away from the Delanys. In his letter Mr. De Valera compared Ronnie's great victory to the exploits of Matt Donovan, the legendary Irish fencer celebrated for his ability to plow a furrow straighter than a straight line. Like Matt, said Mr. De Valera, Ronnie had won "for the credit of the little village."

I remembered to ask Ronnie if he

had, indeed, ordered Billy Morton from the house when he first suggested the running of the mile in a Dublin meet.

"Ah, yes," laughed Ronnie, "I remember. I told him I didn't want to hear any such nonsense, and I sent him out of the house. Well, Billy went over in a flash to see Daddy and when Daddy came home he asked me to run it and I refused again. He insisted and I said, 'That's all very well for you to say, Da', but I've got to do the running.' Well, Da' kept at me and finally I decided to run the thing."

"But the funny thing was that Elsiebeth and I had been dancing every night for a week when the day of the race came and I was pretty tired. But

didn't it hah rain and the race have to be postponed for two days? By that time I was well rested and ran the 4:06.8 for a new Irish record. And I felt very good doing it, too."

Rennie's brother Joe came in with his pretty, row-cheeked girl friend Marie O'Callaghan, and they presented Rennie with a big leather-bound srapbook stamped in gold letters: "Rennie's Great Day." Furthermore, knowing how busy Rennie would be with his studies and his running, they volunteered to keep it up for him. Rennie thanked them profusely and then remembered he had something himself to show them all. He went and got it, and what was it but a black tie embroidered with a golden wreath, in the center of which appeared the legend "4 M.M." Rennie said Roger Bannister had sent it, and others like it to the night other four-minute milers.

Then it was time for Rennie to go, for he had a date with Elisabeth, of course, and at the door he waved and said, "God bless."

Rennie and Elisabeth were on the go all the time. One night they went to see Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra in *High Society* and another night to *Olivia*. At the latter, Rennie was recognized as he came in, and the whole audience started cheering, and nothing would do but for him to go up on the stage and say a few words. Afterward, the manager came to his seat and whispered that he had better leave a few minutes early to avoid a mob scene. Another evening Rennie took Elisabeth to see the variety bill at the Gaiety and he said "it gave me a queer feeling" when, in one of the skits, the comedian kept telling his wife to run and get this and that until she finally exclaimed: "It's always run here and run there. Who do you think I am—Ronnie Delany?"

One night I invited Rennie and Elisabeth to dinner and the theater, and they selected the Russell Hotel for dinner and the Gate Theatre, where *The Importance of Being Earnest*, by another famous Dubliner, was playing. At the Russell the menu was in French, of all things, and Rennie solved that by ordering "thick soup, steak and trifle for desert." At the Gate, Lord Lardford himself, the producer, came up and congratulated Rennie and bowed low to Elisabeth.

Afterward, Rennie proposed a sight-seeing tour of Dublin in the rain, and as we drove along, Elisabeth spoke of her art studies and made deprecating mention of the amateur theatrical company she played in.

"Ah," said Rennie, "you're too modest altogether. Didn't the critic who saw you in *Arner* and the *Men* say you were another Bobban McKenna?"

We passed by the shops of Grafton Street and then, a little later, the old section of Dublin known as "The Coombe." As Rennie pointed it out, Elisabeth sang the Dublin classic:

*I'm a fine haanish widow, I live in a spot,
In Dublin they call it the Coombe;
My shops and my stalls are laid out on
the street,
And my police consists of one man. . . .*

Rennie joined in the chorus:

*You may travel from Clere,
To the County Kildare,
From Francis Street on to Maroon,
But there would you see,
A fine widow like me!
Biddy Malloys, the pride of the
Coombe.*

They have the Irish gift of laughter. When Rennie won at Melbourne, Elisabeth wrote him an air-mail letter in which she said (among other things): "Not bad for a grade B 100-yarder"—which was Rennie's first rating as a schoolboy runner.

Sometimes Elisabeth would tell of places she had gone and dances she had been to while Rennie was at school. At such times they have a little game they play. At the end of her story, Elisabeth says, "And then this question followed." And Rennie always takes the cue and asks, "Who took you?"

Their understanding is no secret in Dublin. Rennie received a Christmas card from a girl in America, and a Dublin college student, working extra in the post office for the holidays, scribbled over the girl's home address on the back of the envelope. "And what will Mr. MacArthur say to this?"

Rennie on Running

Rennie claimed two hospitals during his stay at home. One was St. Mary's for crippled children at Cappagh, and the other was St. Augustine's for retarded children at Blackrock.

In the car, driving out, the subject turned (as it did invariably elsewhere) to the subject of running, and I asked Rennie to repeat some of the things he had touched on during the flight from New York.

I recalled that he was holed in Madison Square Garden last winter for running only as fast as he needed to and on competing against the clock, Rennie said:

"I think the sport of running is in the competition. And the competition is not against the clock, but against another human being like yourself.

Now when I run against a man I enjoy it. But if I were to set up a timepiece there and try to beat it, I wouldn't get enjoyment out of it at all. The thrill of running, the pleasure of running to me is not in making records and getting your name flashed around the papers, but winning races and winning them by beating another man in a fair run.

"Like if I run a four-minute mile and I'm running against fellows who can only run 4:32, the spectacle isn't there, the thrill isn't there. You look at a man, you can't tell what time he's running. It's only afterwards you get the pleasure from the time. I remember the moderator of athletics at Catholic University School in Dublin, Father Loneragan. When I was 13, I asked him before one race, 'Father, will I have a go at the record?' He said, 'Rennie, don't do anything of the sort. Run to win your race.' I never forgot that advice and I've been following it ever since."

Of the tension he feels before a race, Rennie said:

"Before every meeting, no matter how small or how big it is, I get this terrible sensation in my stomach, that terrible nervous feeling. Sometimes it's worse than others. In the Olympics, I found I was controlling it very well. I felt that my mind was in command of my body at Melbourne. But usually the feeling is that you can't run an inch and the last thing you want to do is run. Except for the Olympics, I've never been able to acquire any great confidence in my running just before a race."

I reminded Rennie that John Landy said that if anybody ever ran a 3:58 mile, he—Rennie—would probably be the one to do it.

"It's all a matter of mind over body," said Rennie. "A few years ago, no one could run a four-minute mile. Now 10 men have done it. A couple of us are very young. I'm the youngest, 21, and Brian Hewson's only 23. None of us has reached his peak, the peak supposedly coming around age 25. Definitely we're going to improve in the next few years, everything being in order and God willing. We're all going to improve, and the only way we can improve is not in style but in going down, going a little faster. Well, if we're running 3:59 now, we can run 3:58 next year maybe and 3:57 the year after and then who knows where we will stop."

At St. Mary's hospital, Rennie went from bed to bed, making sure that he missed no one. Some of the children were little paper bats that the Sisters

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Ron Delany

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had made for them. One had printed on it: "Welcome, Ronnie. It was kind of you to come and visit us." A little boy on crutches wore a hat that read: "I'll run you, Ronnie."

At St. Augustine's, in the home for retarded children, Ronnie appeared with Santa Claus and made a little speech and then got down on the floor and showed the boys how to work their toys, as a band from the village played Christmas carols. At the end of the visit one of the Brothers called for a cheer, and then everyone stood at attention for the Irish national anthem.

One afternoon Billy Morton invited the leading citizens of Dublin, including the Lord Mayor himself, to a special meeting in Room 318 of the Grosvenor Hotel. Billy had a buffet laid on, and plenty of good drinks, and came right to the heart of the matter, which was that he had purchased a wonderful tract of land at Santry on the road to the Dublin airport and wanted the distinguished gentlemen present to help him raise the money to build the first cinder running track in all Ireland. Then he called upon Ronnie to say a few words. Ronnie got up and said:

"My Lord Mayor and gentlemen. Naturally, I am very pleased at the interest my victory in the Olympics has aroused here at home. But, gentlemen, while it's all very well for people to be interested and be clapping me on the back and shaking my hand, what I would really like them to do to show their appreciation for my little part at Melbourne is something constructive, and the constructive thing I want to see is the building of a cinder track."

"In my own belief, gentlemen, there are 10 or 12 other O'Reillys and Kinnelans and Delanys around the country, perhaps even walking the streets of Dublin at this moment. These young people would run if they had the facilities to run. Now we, as athletes, can buy our shoes, we can learn from fine coaches like Jack Swensen, Louis Vandenberg and Captain Theo Ryan. But we can't build a cinder track ourselves. That's up to men like you. Billy Morton has taken a wonderful step in acquiring a site that I believe to be the finest in the world."

"Gentlemen, I have found to my own detriment that I can't train on grass alone. When you get into big-time athletics, you've got to have big-time facilities to work with. Our boys can't be expected to compete against



BILLY MORTON blew whistle whenever Limerick-Dublin motorcade began to lag.

the other athletes of the world under the present unfavorable conditions."

Ronnie looked around at the distinguished citizens present, their mouths open at the poise and assurance of this 21-year-old. Then Ronnie closed off his speech by stating emphatically:

"This cinder track is not something

DELANY ON THE BOARDS

Two meetings between Ireland's Olympic star and Hungary's crack mile, László Tábori, will be highlights of the 1957 indoor track season. Delany's first appearance will be at the Boston AA games on February 3; he will appear in five, possibly seven, more mile races thereafter.

Feb. 2 Boston AA games
Feb. 9 Millrose Games, New York
Feb. 16 New York AC Games
Feb. 21 AAU Championships, New York
Mar. 2 ICA Championships, New York
Mar. 9 K of C meet, New York

Possible further appearances are at the Chicago Daily News Relays on March 16 and the Cleveland K of C games March 22.

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for me personally, it isn't for Billy Morton personally. This is something for all Ireland, something for our capital city of Dublin to be proud of—our own cinder track. Thank you, gentlemen."

As Ronnie sat down, the Lord Mayor got up and announced that he was not a rich man. But, he said, he would like to start the ball rolling with a personal contribution of £25. The upshot was

that a total of £51 was pledged then and there and promises made of full support for Billy's cinder-track scheme.

"The amount collected," said Billy Morton afterward, "represents a profit of 100%; for the occasion. Which isn't bad at this stage of the game."

Mr. Costello laughs

Another afternoon Ronnie and the entire Olympic team were escorted by Lord Killanin and the other officials to the Phoenix Park residence of the Prime Minister of Ireland, Mr. John A. Costello.

Now, it must be borne in mind (as Ronnie himself explained to me) that Mr. Costello is a man with great prowess on his mind, economic and political. Perhaps (said Ronnie) this explains why he is renowned in Ireland for never smiling.

Mr. Costello greeted the athletes in a friendly way, but he maintained his dour expression. One of the photographers was bold enough to call out, "Oh, come now, sir, let's have a smile."

Mr. Costello tried, but he couldn't manage it. Then Ronnie leaned over to him and (thinking of the prime minister's great burdens) said:

"Sure, what have you got to smile about, Mr. Costello?"

Ronnie (he said later) recoiled in horror at the presumption "of an upstart like me" in speaking so.

But what did Mr. Costello do but throw back his head and laugh heartily and say, "How right you are, Delany!"

Dubliners cultivate the art of public speaking (although most of them, like Ronnie Delany, seem to be born with it), and the dinner given for the Olympic heroes provided rare opportunities for oratorical flourishes.

Lord Killanin, as president, presided over the dinner given by the Olympic Council of Ireland at the Dolphin Hotel, and opened the affair with a toast to the president of Ireland. The room was cold and drab at first, but soon it was warm with the cordiality of the speakers. Every speech had wit and eloquence, and Chief Superintendent (of the police) Patrick Carroll even succeeded in making a roll call of distinguished guests sound like an epic poem. He included in his tributes one to Billy Morton, "whose enthusiasm comes in bucketsful," and I sat up at this, for a Dublin man had confided to me that on certain athletic questions Mr. Carroll and Mr. Morton were "at daggers drawn."

But it was Colonel F. A. Ahern, who has brought many an Irish jumping team to the National Horse Show

in New York's Madison Square Garden, who reached the pinnacle of elegance for the evening. A handsome man of a man, wearing his army uniform, Colonel Ahern paid tribute to the gallant horses and the gallant men who had represented Ireland in the equestrian events of the Olympics at Stockholm. Then, his rich and vibrant voice quivering with emotion, he turned to Ireland's greatest hero of the day and said:

"Ronnie Delany, you have raised the heart of every Irishman at home and abroad."

Looking out over the guests again, he went on:

"The question is asked: who is responsible for this fine boy's success? Who is to be credited with his training?"

He paused and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"I think I know."

He raised his soldierly arm slowly and pointed.

"There sits his mother. There sits his father."

He waited, then turned back to Ronnie.

"Oh, Ronnie," he said, "hold fast to the ideals learned at that dear mother's knee. Remain steadfast in the principles instilled in you by your devoted father. Keep that excellent modesty that has been such a credit to Ireland. Do these things and I promise you, Ronnie, that the long and glorious path ahead shall be strewn with golden laurels."

The hit of the evening at the AAU dinner, presided over by President Fred Morris at the Shelbourne Hotel a few nights later, was Ronnie's father, Patrick A. Delany, looking as distinguished with his silver-gray hair and athletic physique as Colonel Ahern himself.

"This," said Mr. Delany, "is my day, this is my hour of glory. I am not known for anything I have done myself, I am merely known as the father of Ronnie Delany."

He spoke of the great Irish patriots, Parnell and Emmet and O'Connell, and the words by which they are best remembered. He said that perhaps Winston Churchill would be remembered best for his tribute to the RAF in the Battle of Britain: "Never was so much owed by so many to so few."

Mr. Delany paused, and the room was breathless.

"And now," he went on, "since this is my hour, I should like to say the words for which I hope I will be remembered."

"Never," he said, holding his head high, "never were so many made so proud and so happy . . . by one!"

There was a standing ovation.

Irish banquets never fail to provide a neat balance between sentiment and hilarity, and a little later all the guests (about 100) were joining in singing the great sporting song, *Boys! Boys! Quill*, the chorus of which goes:

*For gambling and betting, for football and scoring,
Or drinking a jam or just as you'd fill,
In all your days racing, you'd find none so jovial
As our Navvies sportsman, that's *Boys! Boys! Quill*.*

After that, Ronnie himself was persuaded to go to the piano and play the only song he knows by heart, *I'll Be Loring You Eternally*. When he had finished, the Lord Mayor (the Lord Mayor was everywhere, it seemed) came up to Ronnie and said that the song was his favorite as well. He also decided that if ever Ronnie wanted to stand for public office to let him know.

Could anything, in the way of entertainment, have topped all that? Ah, yes, indeed. Billy Morton, the man who first proposed that Ronnie Delany try ransing the mile, got up and sang *Mother McKee* with power and authority and followed that by dancing the grandest back-and-wing that Dublin had seen in many a day.

Lack of the Irish

Fate had one more favor waiting for Ronnie Delany. Just as he was saying his last goodbye to Elizabeth MacArthur and the both of them wishing for just a few more minutes, Liam Boyd, the TWA man in Dublin, called on the telephone and said the weather had held up Ronnie's flight and he would have to spend another 24 hours at home.

* * *

Last week, Ronnie Delany, the Dublin boy, was back at Villanova, studying, training and directing traffic at the Sunday Masses at St. Thomas' church to earn his \$5 weekly spending money. And the County Clare man (who had found his first rooms and stood in the room where his father was born) was back at his desk at *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Before departing in New York, the Dublin boy had said, "Wasn't not the grandest trip you ever had?" And the Clare man had replied, "Ah, it was, it was."

(C. H. R.)

TRAINING AT DUNK along the coast of the Irish Sea, Ron Delany already has his mind on the 1951 U.S. indoor track season.



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR:
CONGRATULATIONS

Sir: Congratulations on picking Bobby Morrow as your Sportsman of the Year (31, Jan. 7). Where could anyone find a nicer, more talented and more decent sports figure than the Athlete Speedster?

JAY BOWEN

Malverne, N.Y.

SPORTSMAN: TRUE JUSTICE

Sir: I think that Bobby Morrow was the only one deserving of this great honor. His performance in the Olympics is the highlight of a great sports year. Justice was done when he was chosen Sportsman of the Year.

LEWIS T. RANK

Dayton

SPORTSMAN: THERE ARE OTHERS

Sir: I vehemently disagree with your selection. In my opinion, the award should have gone either to the young slinger Mickey Mantle or the aged comeback star Sal Maglie, especially since there are other sprinters as good as Morrow, notably Dave Sims.

ROBERT GOLDMAN

Cedarhurst, N.Y.

SPORTSMAN: WELL-INFORMED PUBLIC

Sir: You seem to have omitted what I call "influence upon the public" when you made your decision. Ask anyone who knows Bobby Morrow is and what he did and the answer will be vague. But ask the same person about Mantle, and he'll probably tell you how many home runs he hit, in which games, at what pitcher, and how far they traveled.

HERB ZAKS

Brooklyn

SPORTSMAN: INSPIRED

Sir: I want to congratulate you on your selection of Bobby Morrow. You couldn't have chosen a more deserving athlete. Morrow is not only an outstanding athlete, but an inspiration to all young people.

BILL GRAYSON

Norman, Okla.

SPORTSMAN: WHAT SAY?

Sir: I believe Dave Sims should have been awarded the title, "Hard Luck Case of the Year." Luckily, he still has a very slight chance of making the 1960 Olympics if he keeps in shape and fate is kind for once. I think it's time *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* published special ballots for subscribers to vote and give opinions on different awards and topics—what say, you editors?

HOWIE SCHWARTZ

Brooklyn

● The reader's special ballot box is the mailbox and all he needs to cast his ballot is literacy and a 3c stamp. But his ballot is secret only until it reaches the 19th Hole.—ED.

SPORTSMAN: A CREDIT

Sir: Amos is your difficult choice of Bobby Morrow as Sportsman of the Year—without a doubt a great credit to the U.S.

RUFUS PIZZARE

Houston

SPORTSMAN: ALL OUT OF STEP, EXCEPT

Sir: I am writing this letter in the defense of Mickey Mantle. Everyone's athlete of the year with one exception, that being *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. This is the year that saw Mickey win the triple crown, the first switch-hitter to do so. The year that saw Mickey become the first man since Babe Ruth to draw people into the ball park only to see him blast one. The year that Mickey brought back to baseball a little of that excitement that left with Babe Ruth. The year that brought Mickey the American League's Most Valuable Player award and the Associated Press's Male Athlete of the Year award. The year that saw Mickey thrill millions of baseball fans with his tremendous home runs. This is the year that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* overlooked Mickey Mantle in favor of Bobby Morrow. Believe me when I tell you that I think that Bobby Morrow is a great athlete. But I believe that in 1959 he must run second to Mickey Mantle.

RUFUS GANCI

Patterson Heights, Ohio

● The editors, who twice put Mickey Mantle on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s cover during the '58 season, have the greatest respect for this extraordinary young man who might develop into a player of the stature of Ty Cobb. But this year's Sportsman had to come from the world's greatest sports spectacle—the quadrennial Olympic Games.—ED.

OLYMPICS: CONTEMPORARY HISTORIAN

Sir: *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s decision to have Roger Bannister as a special correspondent for the Olympics was a masterly one.

I especially enjoyed his article *Mile-beater: A Human Story* (31, Jan. 7). Bannister's style of describing an athletic contest is reminiscent of Sir Winston Churchill writing history. Both have that intimate knowledge and years of practical experience plan beautiful exposition and choice of words.

Besides his able comments as a runner and a doctor, surely another must be added now: Roger Bannister the writer.

PATRICK A. NUTT

Lynch, Ohio

OLYMPICS: WESTERN APPROACHES

Sir: It was interesting to note the difference in the approach to sports taken by two of your writers in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s January 7 issue. In THOMAS, Talbot says: "If we are to maintain our position as a dominant tennis nation, we must set up our own assembly line and turn them out like

Fords." Bannister, speaking of the true amateur Chris Brasher, says: "Could any athlete in the future . . . do a normal day's work and still win an Olympic title? If he could not, then the Olympics would have lost their reason d'être." Me, I'm a Bannister man.

MATTHEW LIEBERMAN

Garden City, N.Y.

OLYMPICS: NO PLACE FOR RUSSIA

Sir: The free world should break off all relations in sport with Russia until the Russians have been withdrawn from the countries they have occupied.

The Germans, like the Nazis, suffer from an inferiority complex and their pride with their own people would suffer if they were treated as pariahs with whom self-respecting sportsmen refused to play games. It is easy to predict the immense consequences which would follow from the complete rupture of sport relations between the Free World and Soviet Russia, but let me anticipate certain obvious objections.

1) "One should not mix politics and sport." It is a degradation of words to confuse political differences with crimes against humanity. And, in any case, the Olympic Committee which excluded Germany and Japan from the 1948 Games is in no position to use this argument.

2) "All contacts between Russian and Western athletes help to counteract Communist propaganda." Maybe, but the contact is very limited. At Cortina a Russian-speaking guest in the hotel in which the Russians and I were staying began to chat informally to two members of their Olympic team. A Russian official, probably a member of the secret police, separated them by sitting down between them.

3) "The Russians will assert that the rupture of sport relations is inspired by the certainty of being beaten." Surely by now we should have learned to treat with contempt Russian lies about the West.

I write, however, in the hope that there may be some leaders in the world of sport who feel, as I do, an urgent need to make separation for our crimes of omission in 1945 when, in the vain hope of buying peace and money for ourselves, we acquiesced in surrendering into slavery not only the countries that had fought against us but our ally, heroic and betrayed Poland.

The Swiss have just canceled the invitations which they had sent to the Russians to compete in the Lugerhockey race at Wengen and the S.D.S. at Grindelwald. Of six skiers.

ARNOLD LUNN

Marion, Switzerland

● One of the great pioneers of modern skiing, Sir Arnold Lunn waged a relentless fight for recognition of the downhill and the slalom as legitimate forms of ski activity in the '20s and early '30s. Today, active as a writer and official, he is regarded as a world authority on alpine skiing.—ED.



Howard Gage

FIVE SKIING BUCHMAYRS

With the first fall of good snow in New England each year the advance guard of skiers dotting the white landscape is sure to include the five Buchmayrs: Sig Buchmayr, one of the area's best skiers, his wife Sally and their 15-year-old triplets Sig Jr., Norbert and Charles. Austrian-born Sig established one of the first ski schools in the U.S. when he began teaching in Franconia, N.H. 28 years ago. Now residents of Manchester, Vt., the Buchmayrs' busy

ski life includes operating ski shops in Big Bromley, Lake Placid, Yonkers and New York City. The triplets, who attend Burr and Burton Seminary in Manchester, took their first ski lessons from their mother when they were four, then progressed to training by their father. Now expert athletes in their age group, they are collecting victories in ski events. But high time in the hills is still when the five Buchmayrs swoop by in an intrafamily downhill race.



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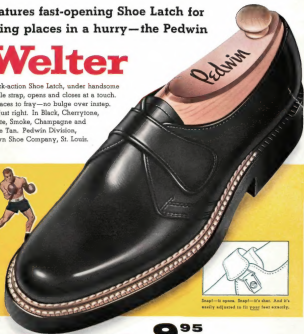
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